THE BOOKMAN
A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The death of M. Francisque Sarcey, which is announced as we go to press, deprives the world of the one dramatic critic whose reputation was truly international. Our next number will contain an appreciation of his work and of his personality.

It will be remembered that during Mr. Rudyard Kipling's illness a sympathetic letter from him to a bereaved friend was published. We learn that the friend was Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot,* which Mr. Kipling, departing from his usual wont, so heartily recommended to the public.

Here is a new story about Bismarck, or, at any rate, a story that we have not yet seen in print. It appears that during the siege of Paris Bismarck was a good deal irritated by some of the statements and comments which appeared from day to day in several of the leading London newspapers. At that time Dr. W. H. Russell, unpleasantly familiar to Americans as "Bull Run Russell," was acting as war correspondent for the London *Times,* and in that capacity and through official influence was very much in Bismarck's society. One evening when Bismarck had been denouncing the other English papers with his usual violence and pungency of phrase, Dr. Russell took occasion to observe in a self-complacent way:

"Well, you must admit, Count Bismarck, that *I,* at least, have been entirely discreet in everything that I have written to the *Times.* You have always conversed before me with the utmost frankness upon all sorts of subjects, and I have been most careful never to repeat a word of anything that you have said."

Bismarck turned upon him with a look of mingled anger and contempt.

"The more fool you!" he roared. "Do you suppose that I ever said a word before you that I didn't *want* to have you print?"

If we were to single out one book from those that have been published this season as exhibiting in the highest degree that rare creative power called literary genius, we should name *The Greater Inclination,* by Edith Wharton. The book has met with a fair reception in the press, but it does not seem to us that enough emphasis has been laid upon the originality of the work. And not only has Mrs. Wharton brought to these stories a remarkable power of insight and imagination, but the phase of life in America which she has chosen for treatment may be said to be altogether new in her hands. Her work is the more remarkable when we know that the processes by which her results are reached have been gained largely through intuition and sympathy. One would almost imagine in reading these stories that the author must have suffered and gone deep into life in order to bring up from its depths such knowledge of the world as is disclosed in her pages. And yet this is far from being the case. Mrs. Wharton was born little more than thirty years ago in New York. On both sides she comes of old New York stock, her mother being a Rhinelander. Most of her time has been spent between New

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EDITH WHARTON.

York and Newport, and she has also lived abroad, especially in Italy, of which country she is very fond. Her husband, Mr. Edward Wharton, is a member of the Philadelphia family of that name, and was married to Miss Edith Jones fully ten years ago. Both are passionately fond of animals, and have been for years the moving spirits in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Rhode Island. The photograph which we present of Mrs. Wharton with her two pet dogs is the only one that was available for reproduction here, but it is very characteristic when we bear in mind her love of animals. Her first stories began to appear in *Scribner's* and the *Century* some years ago; one of them especially, called "Mrs. Manstey's View," published in *Scribner's*, attracted a great deal of attention at the time of its appearance. She is also the author of a book on domestic architecture and home decoration, published by the Messrs. Scribner, which was reviewed in these pages a year ago last April. A review of *The Greater Inclination* appears on another page.

With Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book it is, we are convinced, otherwise than with Mrs. Wharton's. One cannot read *The Fowler* without perceiving that the author has gained more than a hint from experience, and that life has indeed taught her much in the school of suffering and bitter estrangement. The book is most vivid in its disclosures of certain psychic aspects of life, and its truth is brought home to the mind with telling force. It is a book of power, and will enthrall the reader by its strong personality—a personality that has lived and struggled and passed through wintry terrors. Indeed, the original title, although a clumsy one, is that which best describes the book—*I, too, have Passed Through Wintry Terrors. The Fowler* proves one thing, that Miss Harraden is not a woman of one book, but that she is a literary artist and a serious novelist whose work will have to be reckoned with in the literature of the present day. The portrait which we give below of Miss Harraden is taken from her latest photograph.

Mr. Winston Churchill, whose first book, *The Celebrity,* got its author very much talked about on account of its supposed lampooning of the creator of Van Bibber, has at least gained a hearing through this notoriety for his new novel,

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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Richard Carvel, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company. We may say here in justice to Mr. Churchill that he denies having ever entertained the slightest notion of holding Mr. Davis, or any one else, up to ridicule as the "Celebrity"; the idea was pure invention. And it ought also to be added that *The Celebrity,* though published first, is not in point of time Mr. Churchill's first book, as he has been occupied during the past four years in writing *Richard Carvel; The Celebrity* having been thrown off between times as a bit of amusement. Mr. Churchill is more anxious that as a serious writer his work should be judged by the new novel just published rather than by his literary *jeu d'esprit* of last autumn. A review of *Richard Carvel* appears on another page.

Yours very truly Winston Churchill

Mr. Winston Churchill was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1894. He ranked among the first five or six in his class, and has the honour of having reorganised the Naval Academy crew and its captain, as well as being known as a capable member of its football team. He resigned from the Navy when he was graduated, and was employed for a time on the *Army and Navy Journal,* subsequently acting as assistant and managing editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for about a year. Since then for two years past he has applied his time wholly to the writing of fiction.

Chicago has the honour this month of publishing a work of fiction by a new writer which should gain distinction by its admirable literary quality and descriptive power. Miss Florence Wilkinson in *The Lady of the Flag-Flowers* has written a story of American life and character into which the ingenuous and fascinating Yvonne, half Indian and half French, is precipitated, arousing passion and admiration, and causing tragedy for herself and for those who love her. It is indeed for the sake of this character that the story is told, and none of the other personages in the book lives in its pages as does Yvonne, a charming and most bewitching figure from the time that we first see her sitting on a stump watching the Indian woodcutter felling the great pine tree, "all the French-Indian blood in her stirred by the incipient tragedy," on through her turbulent life until the end, when "she looked like a child fallen asleep in Summer's lap." Miss Wilkinson's style is richly coloured by an ornate fancy that is apt to run riot at times, and this is particularly noticeable in her otherwise fine descriptions of na-

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FLORENCE WILKINSON.

ture. She has yet to learn the value of reserve and the power of self-restraint in diction. But she has the quality of investing her pictures of nature with warm, human interest, and Yvonne at least is a creature of flesh and blood.

Miss Wilkinson has just gone to Oxford and London for the summer in the company of Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, of the University of Chicago. Her father is also a professor in this university, and we understand that there is a tendency to literature in the family. Miss Wilkinson was born in Tarrytown on the Hudson, and lived there until she went to Chicago in the spring of 1893. Although it is only within the last year or two that she has been aroused to undertake steady literary work, she has distinguished herself on several occasions by reading some short stories which she had written, before the Wednesday Club in Chicago, and she was the author of the poem for the dedication of the Woman's Building, May 1, 1893. An article of hers, written for Professor Moulton on "The Building of a Drama," was chosen as the best piece of literary work in a competitive contest at the university, and received an award, besides being read in Kent Theatre in the spring of 1894. Since taking up her abode in Chicago she has become interested in Settlement work, and she has been associated with Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House. Her love of nature, as might be gathered from her story, is very great, and she herself has said that her greatest inspiration has been drawn from the beauties of the hill and river country among which she was born, and from the woods through which as a child, like her little Yvonne, she loved to wander all day.

American scholarship has reason to be proud of the author of *The History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, which is reviewed on another page. It is one of the most important contributions to contemporary literature which has been made by an American man of letters. Professor Henry A. Beers was born at Buffalo, New York, on July 2, 1847. He was graduated from Yale in 1869, being class orator and the recipient of various scholarly and literary honours. He has published two volumes of verse—*Odds and Ends* in 1878, and *The Thankless Muse* in 1875. Some of his poems have been reprinted in England; but he is better known as

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HENRY A. BEERS.

an essayist and a writer of short stories. His best known volumes are *A Suburban Pastoral and Other Stories*, and *The Ways of Yale*. As a story teller he has a pleasing style, and his descriptions show true imagination and humour. With some improvement in the pure process of narration he will doubtless become more widely known. Professor Beers is also the author of a large number of admirable literary essays and studies, of which only one has been published in full—the essay on Coleridge as a prose writer. He has also written a biography of N. P. Willis. Messrs. Henry Holt and Company are the publishers of Professor Beers's works.

Some months ago we called attention to a story in the *Atlantic Monthly*, called "The Wife of His Youth," which was remarkable, even in these days of good short stories, for its literary skill and distinction, its dramatic quality, its tactful treatment of a delicate race problem, and, above all, for its genuine human feeling. Some who read this story recalled others from Mr. Chesnutt's pen that had appeared in the *Atlantic* and other magazines during the past ten years, among them being a number of "conjure" stories, which now form the basis of Mr. Chesnutt's first book, *The Conjure Woman*, just published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. This book will serve to give its author an assured place among story writers, besides contributing an eloquent and sympathetic artistic treatment of his people from a literary point of view, which is unique and valuable. For Mr. Chesnutt has not only an exceptional knowledge of the negro character and environment, but he has also marvellous subtlety and wisdom in his treatment of their difficulties. Standing as the author does between the two races—nearer, perhaps, to the white by education, business association and tastes, yet near enough to the black man to be keenly alive to the complexity of character evolved by his peculiar environment—he is completely competent to deal with the variations of life on the plantation—a life made up of toil entirely, hardened by cruelty and sorrow, under which flowed a current composed of the same elements as that of the

CHARLES W. CHESNUTT.

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HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

From a painting by Louis Boulanger.

master, only more intense, because smothered beneath a careless exterior of seemingly passive acceptance of the existing order of things.

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt was born in Ohio about the time of the Civil War, after which his parents moved to North Carolina, where he spent some years as a teacher, becoming at an early age the principal of a State Normal School. Later, he went to New York and was for a time connected with one of the large daily newspapers, afterward returning to Cleveland, where he is well known as a lawyer and court reporter. He is a type, not rare in our times, of the professional man who devotes his best hours to the prosaic task of earning a living, and who in his brief periods of leisure turns his love of letters to richer and farther reaching account. From the quality of work done by him in the past we looked with eagerness for this book of short stories, which has now appeared, and what it reveals not only pleases and satisfies, but arouses greater expectations. We believe that Mr. Chesnutt is now engaged on a novel. A review of *The Conjure Woman* appears among our Novel Notes.

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The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Honoré de Balzac has just been celebrated in France, at Tours, the birthplace of the famous realist. The municipal Council of Tours was petitioned to make an appropriation toward the celebration of May 16, but the majority of the members of this Council are socialists, and they refused the request, thinking that Balzac was a "clerical" because of his *Curé de Vilage, Curé de Tours* and *La Messe de l'Athée.* That Balzac, the great originator of realism, the master of Flaubert and Zola, should be classed as a clerical even by the most ignorant of Frenchmen appears more than passing strange. He did yearn for the luxurious, as many poetic natures have done. He craved the robings and jewels that accompany wealth, but gained them when it was too late to enjoy the fruits of his tremendous labours. Worn out with creating the *Comedie Humaine,* conceived in his fertile brain, he died when only fifty-one years of age. A dullard at school, a failure as a law student, starving almost in a garret for ten years, undertaking enterprise after enterprise only to fail, he barely grasped literary success before death met him. "I long to be famous and to be loved," he wrote his sister; and fame and affection such as he longed for were his but for a moment. His bride was a widow within less than a year. And the fame that has been awarded to him is chiefly posthumous. His genius made him one of the "moderns" in so emphatic a way that it is difficult to believe that the expounder of "environment" and "adaptation" wrote before the theory of evolution was accepted. Whatever place may be assigned to him in the roll of the immortals, he himself claimed to be nothing more than the "Secretary of Society." The portrait of Balzac on the opposite page was recently photographed from the painting by Louis Boulanger for reproduction here.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are reissuing Miss Wormeley's excellent translations of Balzac's novels in a subscription set to be called the Centenary Edition. Six volumes are now ready, also a new volume, entitled *The Personal Opinions of Balzac,* gathered chiefly from his correspondence and his miscellaneous writings. This volume and the memoir by Miss Wormeley make the Centenary Edition the most complete as well as the most satisfactory rendering of Balzac in English. The same firm have also commenced their handsome subscription edition of Daudet's works, beautifully illustrated by French artists, with *The Nabob* in two volumes. The other volumes are to appear in rapid succession.

The Autobiography of a Child, by Hannah Lynch, which has been a strong attraction in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* for several months past, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The identity of the author has only recently been disclosed, and as there may be some among the readers of these chapters of a sad and unhappy child life who may be inclined to associate them with the childhood of the author, it may be well to publish here a letter which she has written in reply to this charge:

SIRS: My unpretentious little story, *Autobiography of a Child,* has been referred to as history. May I protest against the misapplication of a title so solemn and serious to matter so fragile and fugitive as a tale of childhood? The story is essentially a work of imagination, an effort to interpret the vision and mind of a child and tell her story from her point of view as I imagined she would tell it. Such a task has nothing at all of the nature of history. Its concern is impressions and pictures, not facts. In the drama of existence facts are of comparative insignificance. The important thing is not what is relatively true, but what we believe to be true, since this alone reveals temperament and character. Shelley and an Oxford don would hold very different opinions of Oxford as an institution, and both would be equally sincere and worthy of attention in their expression of their diverse opinions. We should turn to the one for history, and own that we preferred the other in the realm of imagination.

I am aware that the barbarous frankness of my heroine will be repulsive to a large class of readers, but I have made a concession to their susceptibilities in depicting her as a very naughty little girl. Like another little girl, "when she was bad she was horrid"; and, like that undisciplined young lady, she more often than not deserved to be "spanked most emphatic." Now, I might have represented her

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as a tortured angel instead, and she herself, if consulted, would, I suspect, greatly have preferred to enter fiction as a stained-glass ideal of virtuous infancy.

I relied on her unhappiness for the reader's indulgence, for those who love children will agree with this writer that it is intolerable to think even a bad child can be unhappy. If the story of Angela should bring home this fact to a single reader whom life hitherto had not taught it to, it will not have been written in vain. I am, etc.,

The Author of
The Autobiography of a Child.

Some waggish person has been playing tricks on our confiding contemporary, the *Critic*. That periodical in its last number proudly calls the attention of its readers to "this excellent portrait of the distinguished palæontologist," the late Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale University. The portrait given is, indeed, an excellent one—of Professor F. A. March, of Lafayette College. It is too bad, but never mind. The *Critic* deserves commendation for its humour, even though this humour be unconscious.

Under the attractive title *A Dividend to Labour,* Professor Nicholas Paine Gilman will soon have ready for publication, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a novel and instructive volume. He conceives the dividend to labour (outside of wages, which he does not here discuss) as direct or indirect. The indirect dividend will be the subject of the larger part of the volume. After three preliminary chapters on the moralisation of the labour contract, the model employer, and Robert Owen, the manufacturer, the author presents in concise form a large body of authentic and cheering information about "employers' institutions" in Europe and America. The closing portion of the volume—on the direct dividend—is devoted to profit sharing. Extended accounts of four notable applications of this system and a careful summary of its present condition bring the narrative down to date. Like Professor Gilman's work on *Profit Sharing, A Dividend to Labour* should have much interest for liberal-minded employers and students of social questions.

Mr. R. H. Russell announces a Souvenir of Miss Julia Marlowe, uniform with those he has produced of Maude Adams and Olga Nethersole. Miss Marlowe is to be represented in twelve characters from her repertoire.

Within the last few weeks Mr. Russell has published two of Hauptmann's plays, translated by Mary Morison, entitled *Lonely Lives* and *The Weavers*. It is a pity that the dates of the original stage production are not given. This has been done, and the original cast is also given, in Mr. Augustus Thomas's *Alabama,* which has just been issued by the same publisher. These are uniform with Mr. Russell's edition of *Cyrano*. Gerhart Hauptmann's poetic masterpiece, *The Sunken Bell,* which, it is announced, Mr. E. H. Sothern will present on the stage next season, will also appear immediately in this uniform edition of plays. Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer has written the English version.

The educational world has had some weeks of genuine amusement over the suit for criminal libel instituted by President Little, of the New York Board of Education, against the editor and publishers of the *Educational Review*. Now that the indictment has been thrown out of court on a technicality the case is probably to be considered closed. For our part, after reading the paragraph upon which Mr. Little based his suit, we are quite unable to discover anything in it that could be regarded as either libellous or criminal. We have ourselves had so many names applied to us by *Chap Book* writers, Western newspaper editors, Letter Box contributors and anonymous correspondents, that if any one were to describe us as "an educational mastodon" we should take it as rather a compliment to our general largeness and massiveness. Therefore, if the editor of the *Review* should ever be tried upon such an indictment, we do not believe that the laws of libel would be found to fit his case. Were the indictment brought, however, before a court where the laws of rhetoric are supreme, it is likely that it would go hard with him. His paragraph began with an equestrian trope in which Tammany was represented as being "in the saddle," a

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fact which was elucidated by the further statement that "an educational mastodon" and several other "representative antediluvians" were to be found in the Board of Education, some of whose members were held together by "the cohesive force of public plunder." The result of this complicated condition of things was that Tammany had found "a rift in its pet lute." We should ourselves think that if a mastodon began fooling with a pet lute a rift in it would be ultimately certain to appear; but we cannot for the life of us see anything libellous in putting such a very obvious fact on record.

A good deal is being said just now about the relation of advertisers to the newspapers in which they advertise, and as to the propriety of a refusal to advertise in any newspaper whose policy they hold to be injurious to their business interests. Of course, the first thing that always comes to the front in such a discussion as this is the familiar declamation about the Freedom of the Press. The editorial side of this question may be summed up after the following fashion:

"Our newspaper advocates in all things that policy which commends itself to the best judgment and to the conscience of the editorial staff. It may or may not be always a policy of infallible wisdom, but it is, at any rate, honest and sincere, and it can only be honest and sincere while it is uninfluenced by any consideration of financial or personal advantage. We cannot, therefore, accept dictation from any source; and when an advertiser withdraws his advertising, because he objects to our honest utterances, he is in reality attempting to dictate to us, and to compel us either to say the things which we believe to be untrue or to suppress the things which we believe to be true."

Before considering this argument on its own lines, let us look at the principle involved as applied not to the advertiser in a newspaper, but to the reader of it. Suppose, for example, that for a number of years we have been purchasing and reading every day a certain newspaper. We have done so because that newspaper seems to us to be not only ably and intelligently conducted, but because it supplies the sort of reading matter that we most desire to have, and because its general attitude toward the questions of the day is one that commends itself to our own taste and judgment. Now, suppose that after a while the managers of the newspaper in question begin filling their columns with a different sort of reading matter—reading matter that has no attraction whatsoever for us—and suppose that its editorial policy is changed in such a way as to offend our sense of what is right and just, and to advocate everything that seems to us harmful to the public interests. Suppose the paper becomes at last simply the exponent of a feeble and querulous pessimism, that it is unable to see anything good in the world around it, that it fills its editorial columns day after day with monotonous abuse of all our public men, that its sentiments are utterly opposed to the national self-respect of the American people, that its tone suggests one long, unbroken whine, and that it resembles in its treatment of all subjects the common scold of a backwoods hamlet. When this metamorphosis has taken place we very naturally make up our mind to buy and read some other paper. We do not quarrel with the managers of the *Daily Whine*. They have a perfect right to run their paper in their own way, just as we have a perfect right to give up taking it, and to read some other more healthful and more enlivening journal. When we make this little change we do not feel that we are attempting to dictate to the editors. We do not say anything about it at all. We are simply exercising a very simple and unquestioned right.

Now, wherein is the case of the advertiser any different from the case of the reader, as a matter of principle? The reader, to be sure, is spending on the newspaper only two or three dollars a year, and the advertiser is spending several thousand; but this difference, so far as we can see, only makes the advertiser's case a stronger one. He is not advertising in a newspaper as a matter of personal favour to the editors, nor as a matter of sentiment, but only as a matter of good business. He advertises because he thinks that the advertisement is a paying investment. He does not care what the newspaper's politics may be. He merely wishes to reach the attention of a certain

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class of readers so as best to induce them to purchase the goods which in his advertisement he offers to them. Now, when the editorial columns of a newspaper are conducted in such a way as to neutralise the value of the advertisement as an advertisement, why should the advertiser continue paying out good money for something for which he receives no equivalent whatever? For instance, if we are advertising in a particular paper what we consider an excellent bargain in rugs, and the editor of the paper informs his readers that much better and cheaper rugs than ours can be purchased of John Smith, then very naturally we can scarcely be expected to keep on inserting our advertisement in that particular paper; and the same thing is true if the editor, instead of mentioning a particular dealer who is our business rival, mentions some other locality where his readers can drive a better bargain than with us. The editor has a perfect right, if he chooses, to make the statements in our advertisement appear to be untrue, but then naturally, as a matter of pure business, we have a perfect right to save our money, and cease appealing to his particular set of readers, because we consider that their perusal of our advertisement will no longer be of any advantage whatsoever, and in doing this we are by no means hoping or expecting or wishing to influence the policy of the paper. We are simply declining to throw away our money or to make ourselves ridiculous. We do not want to dictate to the editor, nor do we want him to dictate to us. And this is not coercion. It is simply common sense.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, writing recently on daily journalism in England, voices the sentiments of more than one American who has been chagrined when in London by the paucity of space allotted in the English papers to American affairs. "It beats me to understand," he says, "why our London newspapers do not pay more attention to American affairs. Why should they not have at least every week one first-rate American letter, signed in the manner of the New York papers? There are Americans enough about London to justify this, and in addition a very large number of Londoners have especial interest in America—an interest which is certainly bound to grow."

That authors are rarely great readers has frequently been demonstrated, but a flagrant instance of neglect on the part of three prominent writers is brought to our notice by Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the latest number of the *British Weekly* that has come to hand. "I had the honour the other day," he says, "of lunching with three very eminent men of letters. The conversation turned on Kipling. Said one, 'I am ashamed that I do not know Kipling's work, but I have begun *Plain Tales from the Hills*, on the recommendation of a friend, and I do not like them. Is there any book of his in which you can at once see his power?' He turned round to his neighbour, who replied immediately that he knew nothing of Kipling except his name. The third had read 'The Recessional,' and thought it a mixture of Longfellow and Dr. Watts, but not so good as Longfellow, not nearly so good as 'The Psalm of Life.' He had, however, heard music-hall ditties of Kipling which appeared to be clever. If I were free to give the names of the speakers, they would be known to the whole world. I do not feel equal to drawing the proper moral from the conversation." It is at least refreshing in the midst of the Kipling hubbub we have been passing through to encounter such stolid indifference in high places.

Simultaneous with the report of Sir Henry Irving's great success in Sardou's *Robespierre* comes the announcement of an historical romance founded on the play written by Ange Galdemar under Sardou's supervision. The novel will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, when the great English actor will also present the latest dramatic production of the leading dramatist in France in this country. It was a clever American critic who many years ago—about the time M. Sardou wrote a play in which some Americans came in for his satire—likened the dramatist to "a conjurer, a clown, and a barometer." Certainly few playwrights to-day possess what M. Jules Claretie has

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attributed to Sardou—*"la doigté du dramaturge"*—the *fingering* of the playwright, the art of dazzling the spectator for the time being. The conjunction, therefore, of Irving and Sardou is of exceptional interest, for actor and author, whatever be their defects, alike possess a genius for the technique and effect of the stage.

The first time we remember noticing Max Pemberton's name was in connection with an announcement—it must be six years ago—that he was engaged on a novel dealing with Venetian life. Mr. Pemberton has written several volumes of fiction since then, and rumours have reached us from time to time that his studies of Venice were about to materialise in a book, but still our expectation has been baffled. Now there comes an announcement that a volume of short stories, entitled *The Enchanted Isles,* will be published for him in the autumn, and that it is composed of a series of Venetian stories, forming a charming picture of old Venice, and connected by a thread of incident in the manner of his *Queen of the Jesters.* The book is to be well illustrated, presumably from photographs. Is this preliminary to the *magnum opus,* we wonder, or has the theme baffled Mr. Pemberton, too? Mr. Pemberton is becoming almost as prolific in literary production as Mr. Crockett. Not long since the Messrs. Appleton published his Russian novel, *Kronstadt; The Garden of Swords,* which is drawing to a close in the *Munsey Magazine,* will be published at once by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and the first instalment of a new serial story, entitled *Féo: A Romance,* has just made its appearance in a May magazine. To be sure, Mr. Pemberton is riding on a wave of popularity, and everything that he writes is eagerly received. All that he needs now is to have one of his novels dramatised and produced on the stage, and we believe that arrangements have been made for the production of a dramatised version of *Kronstadt* in America and in England, probably next season, and that *The Garden of Swords* is also under way for the stage.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's next novel will begin serial publication in the summer, and will be published in book form later in the year by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. It is to be called *Sophia.*

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has returned from his trip to Germany, and has been commissioned to write a series of six short stories for syndicate publication in this country. Mr. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* has been very popular, and the sales have now surpassed those of his previous books.

Our paragraph concerning "Zangwillitis," which appeared in the April number, was quoted by the *Academy,* and elicited the following story from a correspondent: "Mr. Zangwill has touched hearts and won renown. I would like to tell how I recently stood by a dying bed and heard the passing soul quote, spasmodically, from that poignant sketch 'The Sabbath-Breaker.' I heard this one (my dearest of all), who was looking Death in the eyes, say, 'I am coming, my lamb. The little mother is on the way.' And, again, and yet again, 'The little mother is on the way, the little mother is on the way.' Surely, no writer can ask more than the power to wing his words so that they are remembered and bring comfort on the threshold of death."

Mr. Pett Ridge's new story is entitled *A Son of the State,* and, as in *By Order of the Magistrate,* deals with Cockneydom, but *Mordemly* gives place in the new book to a child of the opposite sex. It will be published, after its serial appearance, in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Crockett's latest novel, *The Black Douglas,* which is published by the Doubleday and McClure Company, has been more successful than some of his recent novels have been in this country. It is a romance of the fifteenth century in Scotland, and the fall of the house of Douglas, with which the story deals, was the romance of Mr. Crockett's boyhood. Mr. Crockett has now recovered his health, and is hard at work in a sequestered corner of the Highlands.

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The kind and quality of insight and workmanship represented in Mr. Cable's *Strong Hearts,* recently published by the Messrs. Scribner, give the deepest satisfaction to any one who cares for our literature as an expression of American aims and instincts. "The book is penètrated with the spirit of beauty throughout," said Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie in a recent conversation. "In reading it one feels that he is in the presence of a writer in whom the art sense was born, and who has reinforced his natural gift by the most intelligent training. Has there been another American who could have touched 'The Taxidermist' with a hand at once so delicate and so strong and sure? The story is a little masterpiece—one of those delicate miracles of art which are so iridescent that one fears they will vanish as one looks at them, and yet which are knit together and fashioned in structure with the utmost solidity. In 'The Entomologist' Mr. Cable has given us another work entirely different in kind, but pervaded by the same quality—a beautiful piece of psychology thoroughly co-ordinated with art. There is something so fine in both these stories that it is likely to escape the careless or rapid reader; but this elusive quality will give *Strong Hearts* a long date. It is one of the few contemporary books which we shall carry with us in the long journey toward a higher civilisation."

The London *Daily News* has undertaken to circulate the works of Charles Dickens, Forster's *Life of Dickens,* and a Dickens Dictionary, all to be comprised in nineteen volumes, after the manner in which the London *Times* issued the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* There is a natural fitness in Dickens's works being issued through the agency of this journal, for the great novelist was the first editor of the *Daily News.* We notice, by the way, that the Messrs. Scribner have added *Martin Chuzzlewit,* in two volumes, making Volumes VI. and VII., to their handsome subscription edition of Dickens's works.

Readers of Charles Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* will remember the grim description of Eden. The place has been identified as a scattered settlement situated on the Mississippi River at a point half-way between Hannibal, Missouri, and Quincy, Illinois, and was called Marion City. The ambitious minds that planned it designed that it should be the greatest city known to the ancient or the modern world; but because of the unexpected operations of nature and other events which had not been considered, the city never grew to more consequence than that of a mere country village, where the inhabitants constantly trudged about in mud and water. The founder was a man named William Muldrow, and was possessed of splendid maps, unbounded impudence and ready speech. By these means he disposed of numerous lots in this miserable swamp, which ultimately became almost completely deserted.

Mr. Lionel Johnson, writing the other day about Dickens, says that Mr. George Gissing's monograph on Dickens is by far the finest and truest elaborate piece of criticism that has yet been written on Dickens, and that his admirable study has placed all lovers of Dickens in his debt forever. The novel which Mr. Gissing lately finished will not be published until early in the autumn.

A new play on the subject of Peter Stuyvesant has been almost finished by Messrs. Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews. It will be produced at Wallack's Theatre, October 9, with Mr. W. H. Crane in the title-rôle, and will afterward be published in book form.

We have not seen the version of *The Three Musketeers* in which Mr. Sothern has been playing, but as it deals with the adventures, amorous and belligerent, of one Raoul d'Artagnan our interest and curiosity in the matter is no greater than in the several versions we have seen, among them being that of the younger Salvini and that of James O'Neil. All these d'Artagnans were Pierres or Alexandres or Gastons or Gaspards or Armands—very picturesque and entertaining, albeit rather noisily heroic—but as to who they may have been we have not the remotest idea. They certainly bear no relationship to the marvellous, the many-sided Jonas d'Artagnan about whom the good Dumas wrote so many volumes. It is all very well to talk about

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calling the rose by any other name, but whatever stage managers may have to say in the matter Mr. Pecksniff is Mr. Pecksniff and not Mr. Charlemagne Plantagenet, and M. Jourdain is the man who talked prose and did not know it, and Jonas d'Artagnan is Jonas d'Artagnan and no other. What's in a name? There is a good deal in that Jonas. It conveys to us something of the Gascon's wondrous astuteness and resource. Dumas's d'Artagnan came to Paris a raw lad, by turns shy and over-bold; the stage shows us a finished musketeer, who in nowise changes during the course of the play. He is as absurd as the stage Richelieu, who is conventionally senile and ill-visaged, and who shambles about in a bad-fitting scarlet cassock—a being totally unlike the man of action, the poet, the man of gallantry, of history and of Dumas. These Raouls, Gaspards, Gastons, and all the rest of them, are from first to last mere swashbucklers. The real d'Artagnan delights by his intellect; the man of force is subject to the man of invention. This is curiously accentuated by Sienkiewicz, who in his Polish historical trilogy gives us the two sides of d'Artagnan in two different characters—Pan Michael, the incomparable swordsman, and Zagloba, the man of resource.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, whose volume of stories of life along Park Row, *The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories,* has just been published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is about thirty years of age and the son of a clergyman of Princeton, Illinois. He was graduated from Princeton in the class of '92. He began writing when an undergraduate, a number of his articles and short stories being printed in the *Nassau Literary Magazine,* which is published by the Senior class at Princeton. After leaving college he travelled in Europe for a year, and then returned to New York and went to work with the *Sun,* and later with the *Commercial Advertiser.* There is a curious story—the truth or falsity of which is a matter of no great importance—told along Park Row, to the effect that when his volume of *Princeton Stories* appeared about this time, Mr. Williams, who was doing "general work" on a certain afternoon daily, received the book to review—"being a Princeton man"—and that with a fine sense of humour and an appreciation of the business side of the matter, he sat down and wrote three-quarters of a column of glowing eulogy. For the last two or three years Mr. Williams has been with the publishing house of Messrs. Scribner.

One is tempted to say that Mr. Williams was a newspaper man just long enough. He left the life of Park Row before his curiosity was satisfied, before the seeing of many people under many circumstances had ceased to be novel and surprising. To the end he had gone to his daily task with unflagging interest. There is something very significant in the fact that all the stories we have had about the newspaper man as he is have been the work of young men—Davis, Townsend, Williams. A man who himself lives out the tragedy of Park Row is not likely to do very much of any kind of sustained work. It is this tragedy, the pity of it, the hopelessness of it, that Mr. Williams sees everywhere. It underlies every line in the book, flashing out strangely even in the stories of joyousness and humour, rising to fine heights in "The Stolen Story" and "The Old Reporter." And however entertaining these stories may be found by the general reading public, they can be enjoyed to the full only by the active newspaper man—the Park Row newspaper man—who knows how closely they hold to actual fact, and how accurately they describe existing people. If you will go back thirteen or fourteen months and look into the files of the newspapers, you will find all the details that go to make the story of "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain." The story of "The City Editor's Conscience" is all fact, and there can be no indiscretion in identifying Maguire, the quick-tempered, the impatient, the genial, the kind-hearted, as "Jerry" Donnelly, or in saying that the telegraph editor with the bald head, who, at the beginning of the tale, was hanging his umbrella on the gas jet above his desk, so that no one would walk away with it by mistake or otherwise, is to this day editing "flimsy" at the same desk. Van Cise, Stone, Manning, Reed, McCarthy, are all drawn from well-known

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newspaper men. "But who is Billy Woods—the great Billy Woods?"—was asked recently. Billy Woods seems to be the summing up of all—the incarnation of the life of Park Row—symbolic of all its aspirations and struggle and success and folly and futility and heartache.

In *Macbeth* we read that the hero would never be vanquished until "Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him." This classic Perthshire estate of Dunsinane, lying midway between the town of Perth and Coupar-Angus, has just been sold to Mr. Bernard, brewer, Leith, for £70,000 ($350,000). There is a fort on the estate, known as "Macbeth's Fort"; the famous hill of Dunsinane is included; and there is a spot known as "the Lang Man's Grave," where Macbeth is said to have been buried, after falling over a rock when pursued by Macduff. Unfortunately for this story, research has shown the tumulus as only a Druidical stone. Two proprietors, especially Sir William Nairne and Lord Dunsinane, have done much to improve the estate by tree-planting and otherwise. A glorious view is afforded of the surrounding country from Dunsinane Hill.

From an interesting description of a visit paid to Mr. Ruskin on the occasion of his eightieth birthday in February last, we learn that his physical condition is very weak and frail, but that mentally he is quite clear, and though now unable to do any work whatever, that he still takes a lively interest in the progress of the world. Until a month or two ago he was able to get out every day when the weather was fine, and in the evenings it was his custom to read aloud some portion of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, for which he has always had a strong predilection. Indeed, of all his treasures Mr. Ruskin probably prizes most dearly the manuscripts of several of Sir Walter's novels which are in his possession. He has now, for the most part, to be read to, and one of the most recent books read to him was *Oliver Twist*, which, although familiar to him, gave him much delight. One of the most touching greetings which were showered upon him at Brantwood from all parts of the world was received from an American woman, who sent eighty white flowers, bearing the inscription:

"Eighty flower sprays for eighty pure and lovely years."

Mr. Charles Major, the author of *When Knighthood was in Flower*, was in New York in the early part of May making the final arrangements for the dramatisation of his novel with Mr. Charles Frohman, previous to the latter's sailing for England. Miss Julia Marlowe, who has made no secret of her great desire to impersonate the rôle of "Mary Tudor," will star in the production, which it is hoped will be ready for her before the middle of the season. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is now in its fiftieth thousand.

With the June issue, *The Art Amateur* celebrates its twentieth anniversary. The cover is artistically done in brown and gold, and the illustrations, of which there are over fifty, are very beautiful, most of them being reproductions of the pictures of the famous Flemish artist, Jacob Van Oost, and the American painter, Henry Mosler. The contents in the text are of unusual interest, befitting the occasion, and comprise, among other articles, an instructive retrospect of the progress of the magazine, co-ordinate with the development of art during the past twenty years; a review of the Royal Academy by Montague Marks; "The Work of Henry Mosler," by Roger Riordan; "The Camera as an Adjunct to the Artist," by W. A. Rogers. The colour plate accompanying this special number is a reproduction of Henry Mosler's painting, "The Artist's Daughter." It is very charming in colour and shows strong, masterly handling.

Mr. Rider Haggard is to be congratulated on his return from the arid plains of pamphlets and propagandas to the bright fields of romantic adventure. Readers of Mr. Haggard's recent stories, who have lost their faith in the guarantee of lively reading which the author of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines* offered for so many years, may take up *Swallow* and approach it without misgiving. *Swallow* is indeed the best romance that Mr. Rider Haggard has written for

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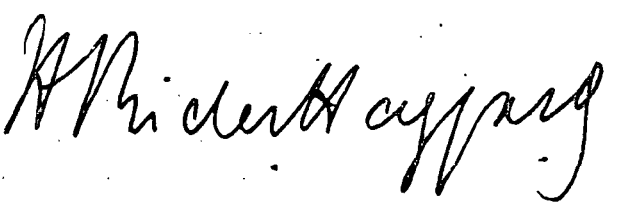

years. It is not only an exciting story, but it affords us a sympathetic and enlightening picture of a people little understood and less loved by the people of this hemisphere. It is also, besides being a really strong tale, a fine piece of writing, and makes us think more of Mr. Haggard's two early books, *Dawn* and *Jess*, than of anything else he has written; and that is to say that he has kept closer to art and life and that his romance in *Swallow* is of the convincing and not of the sensational kind.

Last month we gave a picture of the Honourable Justin McCarthy, whose

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Reminiscences will be published at once by the Messrs. Harper, and now we present our readers with a portrait of his son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy. Both are often confounded in the minds of people, not only because of the similarity in their names, but by reason of their similar tastes and pursuits. Both are historians and have been members of Parliament. Mr. McCarthy, the son, of whom we now speak, was in the House of Commons for six years, and left it after the downfall of Parnell, finding that his political duties interfered with his

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

literary work, to which he now devotes all his time. He has also taken a great interest in the drama, and has been dramatic critic for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His lecture tour in this country during his recent visit was not successful, but his observation of American life, and especially of the American stage, about which he contemplates writing a book, will be valuable to him. He is the author of several plays and novels, and he was commissioned by Mr. Charles Frohman while he was in this country to write the libretto of an opera for which Reginald de Koven is to compose the music. His most serious work, and that which has been most successful, is his *History of the French Revolution*, published here by the Messrs. Harper. *A Short History of the United States* by him has just been published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company.

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Ian Maclaren (Dr. John Watson) returned from his Western trip about the middle of May, and sailed on the Teutonic on the 17th. He has enjoyed his second visit thoroughly, and although the expenses of his lecture tour to the Pacific Coast were very heavy, under Major Pond's management he was successful in netting a sum of twelve thousand dollars.

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On the occasion of Ian Maclaren's visit to Galesburg, Illinois, in March last, he was entertained by the Knox Club of Chicago—being the association of the graduates of Knox College who are residents of Chicago—and was the guest of the president of the college during the following day, which was Sunday. It was while Dr. Watson was Mr. Finley's guest that the excellent photograph of him, which is herewith reproduced, was taken by Mr. Allen Ayrault Green, one of the Knox students. For the benefit of Dr. Watson's Scottish admirers in America we print here the President's greeting to Ian Maclaren on behalf of the college:

Wi' open arms we meet you,
Ian Maclaren!
Wi' luvin' hearts we greet you,
Ian Maclaren!

Your hame's ayont the michty sea,
But ah! you're still in Drumtochty,
However far frae hame ye be—
Frae Perthshire Glen or fair Dundee,
Ian Maclaren!

The warld is a' your parish noo,
Wi' mony a canny leal Drumsheu'.
Wi' mony a blesséd Marget Hoo,
And mony a "Sermon-Taster," too,
Ian Maclaren!

Wi' mony a Lachlan Campbell, dour,
And mony and mony a brave Maclure,
And Domsies—may they ne'er grow fewer!
But ah, there's only ane, I'm sure,
But ane Maclaren!

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PRESIDENT FINLEY, OF KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG, ILL., AND IAN MACLAREN.

From a photograph taken in the president's library by Allen Ayrault Green.

Back to your land o' hills and rocks,
O' banks and braes and bonny lochs,
O' people brave and orthodox,
Ye'll bear wi' ye the love o' Knox,
Ian Maclaren! Ian Maclaren!

Two years ago last October Dr. Watson, when in this country for the first time, visited Knox College, and at the invitation of the dean of women, he was present at the inauguration of the reading circle of Whiting Hall, and, indeed, christened it with the name it now bears, "The Circle of the White Rose." In the course of his remarks he told his audience of about one hundred young women students how he came to call his first book *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. "I have here before me," he said, "white roses, of the brier bush, I judge, which suggests my telling you why I chose the name *Bonnie Brier Bush* for my book. Many people have written me asking for this information. The white rose was the symbol of the Jacobites. It was the lines from their song, 'There grows a bonnie brier bush in oor kail yard, and white are the blossoms on't in oor kail yard,' that suggested the title to me. In Scotland the kail yard of any peasant can grow the white brier rose. There is a significance in this for you and for me."

Dr. Watson, with Mrs. Watson and a party of friends from Boston, witnessed a performance of the dramatised version of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* at the Providence (R. I.) Opera House on the evening of May 11. Dr. Watson was delighted with the play, and said that it surpassed all his expectations. He expressed himself as gratified with the fidelity with which the scenes and characters of his sketches had been transferred to the stage. He was especially moved by the Lachlan Campbell of Mr. J. H. Stoddart, and at the end of the second act he called on the old actor in his dressing-room and congratulated him on his splendid interpretation of Lachlan. In its revised form the *Bonnie Brier Bush* has met with decided success on its re-

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cent tour through New England. After appearing in Philadelphia for a week it will be withdrawn until the autumn. Arrangements are being made for a New York opening with a strong cast.

The strong personal hit made by Ada Merito, the leading lady of the Irving Place Theatre, as Roxane in the German performance of *Cyrano,* has brought this talented and attractive young actress into prominent notice. Miss Merito is one of the many foreigners who have found the German stage more attractive than the theatre of their native land. She is a native of Trieste, Italy, but she has spent the greater part of her youth and received her theatrical schooling in Vienna; so that, being gifted with unusual linguistic talent, the young actress has been able to pass muster as a speaker of German even on the German stage, which is very strict in this particular. Her career has been remarkable, this being only her third season on the stage. The third season for a German actress means, however, rather more than it would for an artist in this country. At the smaller court theatres such as those of which Ada Merito has been a member, as well as in a theatre like the Irving Place house, a three years' stage experience means months of the most arduous work at learning, rehearsing and playing anywhere from fifteen to twenty parts or more a season. This gives the routine which enables a budding talent to become sure of itself, to "find itself," as Kipling would put it. Miss Merito has been seen in several important classical parts, as Judith in *Uriel Acosta,* Recha (*Nathan the Wise*), Thekla (*Wallenstein,* with Sonnenthal) and others, but for the English-speaking habitués of the Irving Place Theatre her Roxane has been of greatest interest. Press and public alike have united in praising the charming impersonation of what, in Miss Merito's hands, has proved to be a charming character, full of sprightly coquetry, yet imbued with true womanliness. The performance at the Irving Place Theatre has shown us that M. Rostand did not expend all his genius on Cyrano; he has given us in Roxane a dainty, piquant bit of character painting, which needed but the touch of an artist to appear in all its beauty. The regular as well as the occasional visitors of the Irving Place Theatre regret with Mr. Conried that her contract with the Royal Theatre in Wiesbaden may prevent Miss Merito's return next season. She has been enabled to come this year by the courtesy of the Wiesbaden management, which practically "loaned" her to Mr. Conried for the winter. So while we must bid farewell to the promising and charming young actress, who left for Germany last month, we may still hope that she will return to us as star "guest" of the Irving Place at some future date. We certainly hope that when Mr. Conried opens his projected uptown theatre, Miss Merito may be present to take a leading place in his company.

ADA MERITO.
From a photograph by Aimé Dupont.

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FELIX MOSCHELES.

RICHARD WHITEING.

Mr. Felix Moscheles's *Fragments of an Autobiography,* reviewed on another page, contains a number of fine photogravures of his well-known portraits. One of these is his excellent painting of Robert Browning. It was Browning, by the way, who gave him the only letter of introduction, which he has carefully kept, at the time of the painter's visit to America in 1883. "To this day," he says, "when I read it, it seems more like music than like epistolary prose to me." The letter was characteristic of the "best and kindest of men"; and ran thus:

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,
11th August, 1884.

To whomsoever it may concern:

I have received such extraordinary kindness from Americans, and number so many of them among my friends, that it would seem invidious if I selected those whom I ventured to believe would oblige me were it possible. I shall therefore say, in the simplest of words, that should my dear friend, the Painter Moscheles, meet with any individual whose sympathy I have been privileged to obtain, whatever favour and assistance may be rendered to him, or his charming wife, will constitute one more claim to the gratitude of

ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. Richard Whiteing, whose *No. 5 John Street* is reviewed in this number, is an artist in irony. For irony, it has been said, is an art, and the ironist an artist who extracts a fearful joy from his own bewilderment, his futile misery as a spectator of the discord, the tangle and the topheaviness of life. There is no passion like that which is concealed by irony in its power of intensity and fearful force of penetration. And when we remember that it is by this instrument Mr. Whiteing has revealed the passion of his soul, aroused by the contrast between Piccadilly and Whitechapel, and that with it all there goes a fund of wit and abounding sympathy, and the vigorous phrase, it will not be wondered at that his book has been accepted as one of the most notable works dealing with the slum world. Let *No. 5 John Street* not be mistaken for a serious essay on the social problem; it is far otherwise. His Low Covey and 'Tilda, the flower-girl, are fine creations, and the narrative, original in form, is permeated by an intellectual humour which illumines its commonplace materials. *No. 5 John Street* is published in this country by the Century Company.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

THE two most interesting dramatic events of the month demand attention from singularly different points of view. One may be approached with the highest standards of culture, the strictest exactions from author, manager and actors; the other must be treated with that leniency with which it is wise to encourage a good beginning. It would be surprising to one not thoroughly acquainted with our conditions to learn that the performance which moved on the higher plane was given without any heralding in a foreign theatre and the one which needs to be treated with charity was given at a prosperous theatre on Broadway after more advance interest than has been shown for any performance of the year.

Hauptmann's *Führmann Henschel,* which was played at the Irving Place Theatre by Sonnenthal and the Conried Company, is one of the strongest plays of our time, and its performance brought out a side of Sonnenthal's art which had not yet been seen here. An outline of the story would lead one to believe that it belonged to the uninspired though sometimes strong realistic school of unhappy plays in which the gloomy outcome of events is uplifted and atoned for by no buoyancy of spirit or imagination in treatment. To see the drama, however, is to realise that the line between the uncompromising study of real life in its more sordid manifestations and the higher drama need not be a sharp one. *Führmänn Henschel* deals with the troubles of a teamster who promises his first wife on her deathbed not to marry a certain woman whom she distrusts, but who is finally led by the drift of circumstances and the advice of his friends to break his promise. The unfaithfulness of the woman to him and the suspicion that she murdered his child and his first wife prey upon him and bring him almost to the verge of insanity. He finally solves the situation by suicide. This bare theme is treated with such elevation by the playwright that the particular features of the story and the environment sink into such general emotions as are the foundation of high tragedy. Hauptmann has written several plays which are always spoken of as idealistic and imaginative, and several which are always described as realistic, but one needed only to see this last work at the Irving Place Theatre to feel that realism in the sense of dead scientific naturalism was not his, but that in his works of art which deal with types of every-day life he used the same generalising and beautifying power which are more obvious in his poetic dramas. In interpreting the teamster, who is a man in whom a magnanimous soul contrasts with an entire outer roughness, Sonnenthal showed himself able to give a plebeian picture with the same unerring strength that had painted the classical characters. Off the stage his gentle, leisurely, serious and cultivated manner has hints now and then of Nathan, but in Henschel there was not a single touch of voice, walk, gesture or bearing that was not created solely for that part, and yet the whole was so welded together that it looked as if the actor were merely expressing his own personality. Hardly less pleasing than the perfect acting of the visiting star was the ensemble performance, in which the company showed at its very best. Miss Anna Braga had a part almost as important as the title-rôle, and she showed in it an ability equalled by very few actresses in America.

A German version of Ohnet's Philistine drama, *Le Maître de Forges,* was also given during the return Sonnenthal en-

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gagement, but it added nothing either to his laurels or to that of the company, except that Miss Ada Merito was able to make her last American performance one of the best that she has given here.

The occasion which so sharply contrasts with the perfectly harmonious and high performance of *Führmann Henschel* is the first presentation of *Romeo and Juliet* under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. The play was given with far more taste and respect than I for one expected, but in praising it, and praising it sincerely, it should be remembered that if there were any really worthy and fixed stage standards for our English drama, this performance would be dismissed as a failure. It is because the great English dramatists have no regular life on our stage that any genuine interest can attach to a spasmodic experiment of this kind. The outbreak of enthusiasm on the opening night has been unequalled this year, unless by that which greeted *Zaza*. Some light is thrown on the nature of this enthusiasm by the fact that half a dozen men intimately connected with the theatre, on its business as well as on its artistic side, remarked to me within a few weeks of the performance, that whether it was very good or very bad it was sure of the same tremendous success. This means, of course, that given a popular actress who has never shown any signs of adaptability to tragedy, her manager has such power that he can make her opening performances in Shakespeare go with a glamour and public excitement that could not be surpassed if an American Rachel were suddenly to be discovered. The enormous success of Miss Adams's opening night was due partly to a personal popularity which she has gained in light comedy, but far more to the fact that Mr. Charles Frohman can make a striking success out of almost anything if he cares enough to do so. The audience which filled the house with noise all through Monday evening was one of the worst that has ever been got together. It was made up of prominent actors, rich society people, and generally of the most prosperous class of pleasure seekers in the various walks of life. An audience made up of bootblacks and bakers would have acted with far greater intelligence. It would have responded, as the gallery al-

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

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MAUDE ADAMS AS "JULIET."

ways does, to the emotional, passionate and humorous points of emphasis in the drama. It would have wept together as one person when the author intended it to weep, it would have laughed together, and when it broke into applause its plaudits would have been a tribute to the art which was playing upon its feelings. But the audience at the Empire felt nothing. It went out of curiosity, partly to see what Mr. Frohman would do in a new field, partly to see favourite actors doing new tricks, but mainly to see the other people in the auditorium and do as they did. It not only interrupted the performance for minutes at a time whenever any new actor appeared, but after the death of Mercutio it applauded so long, in hopes that the dead man would come out and bow, that the few intelligent people present finally hissed for silence. On the other hand, the strength of the situations, the vital elements in the play, to which a decent audience of tailors would pay tribute, left them absolutely cold. The performance itself had, as far as the actors were concerned, a sort of pleasant popular mediocrity not out of harmony with the spectators. What was good, and thoroughly good, was that part of the stage management which dealt with the play as such. After seeing Shakespeare butchered and refined and sophisticated and watered, one scene put in the

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place of another scene, and all parts of the drama drenched in one stiff individuality, at Daly's Theatre, it was a striking relief to see him presented with modest faithfulness. The play was cut as little as it could be under the tyranny of modern scenic requirements and the lack of training in swift, blank-verse delivery, the text was followed literally, only one word in the whole play being changed, and the result was that, whatever might be said of the performance itself, Shakespeare had a fair chance, and consequently accomplished much more than would result from much better acting with a mangled play. The actors themselves did very little to help the drama, but on the other hand they did almost nothing to hurt it. One thing that we find in modern companies, including those run by the most strictly commercial managers, is a higher standard in the minor parts than used to be found in the companies of a dozen or twenty years ago in this country. All the little parts in *Romeo and Juliet* were done sufficiently well, and it was only because the leading rôles demand so much that they fell so short. Miss Adams was excellent only in the very beginning of the play. Before the point where Juliet recognises that her only love has sprung from her only hate, and feels vaguely the possibilities of tragedy ahead, she was a young girl in the dawn of feeling, a character which Miss Adams expressed to perfection. But the tragic notes, struck first at the end of this act, and becoming deeper and more tragic with every succeeding step, were not once suggested by her. In the balcony scene, for instance, which Miss Tyler gave with untaught girlish passion, and which Miss Marlowe gave with the elaboration of Shakespearean tradition, Miss Adams had neither the simple passion which ought to be the foundation, or the leisurely expanded delivery of beautiful imagery which ought to be the expression of that scene. She simply made it sweet and light, as if it was little more that an ordinary piece of moonlight love-making. To trace her through the parting from Romeo, the potion scene, and the death would simply amplify this point, that a tragedy which is built on the emotions of a passionate young girl on whom misfortune plays with quick and ruinous insistence cannot be depicted with the mere girlish graces which win the popular heart in such parts as Babbie. Miss Tyler played Juliet and left out Shakespeare; Miss Adams failed to give the central meaning of the situation even more than she did to give the Shakespearean beauty of expression, for this last she caught at times, although never with a full and sure grasp.

William Faversham as Romeo erred in a rather opposite direction. He was much better than Miss Adams in fundamentals, but often worse in the methods which can be acquired. In such scenes as his outbreak of rage at Tybalt, following his gentle forbearance and succeeded by his remorse and fear, he showed the power of touching rather firmly the real situation. What he lacked was training in poetic forms. Verse seemed to trouble him. He seemed rather ashamed of himself when he delivered an exaggerated metaphor, as if he understood only literal meaning and had no sense of beauty. His gestures also were jerky, inharmonious, entirely unrelated to the swing and balance of the lines he spoke. He is an illustration of how hard it is for a good actor trained in the ordinary run of meaningless melodrama to behave as if he were at home in the stately forms of tragedy. Another popular young actor, Mr. James K. Hackett, made his first New York appearance in Shakespeare and brought out some original and acceptable views of Mercutio. He put a good deal of exaggeration into the parts of the character which he understood least, such as the Queen Mab speech, but in those places where he showed the fine gentleman who light-heartedly cares for nothing, the gallant fighter who jests at his own death, Mr. Hackett, both in execution and understanding of his character, did well enough to suggest possibilities in many good rôles.

Norman Hapgood.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

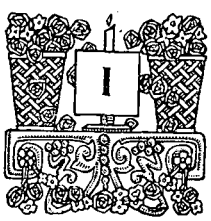
A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XII.

SPIES AND COUNTER-SPIES.



IT was the middle of July when the squire and Phil returned from New York, bringing with them much news of the war preparations, of Washington passing through the city, and of the bloody battle of Bunker Hill. Of far more importance, however, to the ladies of Greenwood, were two pieces of information which their lord and master promptly announced. First, that he wished the marriage to take place speedily, and second, that at New York he had met Mr. Evatt, just landed from a South Carolina ship, and intending, as soon as some matter of business was completed, to repeat his former visit to Greenwood—an intention that the squire had heartily indorsed by the warmest of invitations. Both brought the colour to the cheeks of Janice, but had the parents been watchful, they would have noted that the second bit of news produced the higher tint.

Although Phil was still on apparently good terms with his father, he was, from the time of his return, much at Greenwood, and, his simple nature being quite incapable of deceit, Janice very quickly perceived that his chief motive was not so much the lover's desire to be near, as it was to keep watch of her. Had the fellow deliberately planned to iritate the girl, he could have hit upon nothing more certain to enrage her, and a week had barely elapsed when matters reached a crisis.

Janice, who, it must be confessed, took a deliberate pleasure in arousing the suspicion of Philemon, and thus forcing him to reveal how closely he spied upon her, one evening, as they rose from the supper-table, slipped out of the window and walked toward the stable. Her swain was prompt in pursuit, and she, quite conscious of this, stepped quickly to one side as she passed through the last opening in the box, and stood half-buried in the hedge. Ignorant of her proximity, Philemon came quickly through the hedge, and was promptly made aware of it by her hot words.

"'Tis past endurance. I'll not be spied on so."

"I—I—— Why, Janice—yer know how I likes to be with yer," falteringly explained Hennion.

"Spy, spy, spy—nothing but spy!" cried Janice. "I can't so much as—as go to pick a flower but you are hiding behind a bush."

"'Deed, Janice, ye're not fairsome ter me. After yer sayin' what yer did about that rakehelly bondsman, 'tis only human ter——"

"To treat me as if I was a slave. Why, Peg has more freedom than I have. If you—I'm going to the stable—to see Charles—and if you dare to follow me, I'll——" The girl walked away and disappeared through the doorway, leaving Philemon standing by the box, the picture of indecision and anxiety. "He doesn't know that Charles was sent to the village," thought Janice, laughing merrily to herself as she went to a stall, and pulling the horse's head down put her cheek against it. "Oh, Joggles dear," she sighed, "they are all against me but you." She went from one horse to another, giving each a word and a caress. Then she stole back to the door and peeked through the crack, to find that her shadow had disappeared; having ascertained this, she went and sat down on the hay. "If he tortures me I'll torture him," was her thought.

Janice waited thus for but a few minutes, when she heard the rapid trot of a horse which came to a halt at the stable-door. As that

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sound ceased the voice of Charles broke the silence, saying, "You stall the horse, while I see the squire"; and, in obedience to this direction, some one led Daisy into the stable. The gloom of nightfall made the interior too dark for the girl to recognise the man, and, not wishing it to be known that she was there, she sat quiet.

For a good ten minutes the man waited, whistling softly the while, before Charles returned.

"Waal, what luck?" asked the stranger ere Charles had come through the doorway.

"Luck!" growled the bondsman. "The devil's own, as mine always is, curse it!"

"From which I calkerlate that old Meredith wuz obstinate and wudn't set yer free."

"Not he, plead my best. But that's the last I ask of him; and 'twould have served him as well to let me go, for go I will."

"You'll go off without——"

"I will."

"Yer know what it means if brought back?"

"Double the time. Well, treble it, and still I'll do it. I gave my word I'd help, and the general shall have the powder, if for nothing else than to spite that dirty coward Bagby, though I serve thrice seven years for't. Tell the lads I'll lead them, and if they'll meet me at Drigg's barn to-morrow evening at ten we'll scheme out how to do it."

Without further parley the stranger walked away, and no sooner had the sound of his foot ceased than Janice came forward.

Charles gave a startled exclamation as she appeared, and caught the girl roughly by the wrist. "Who's this?" he exclaimed.

"You hurt," cried Janice.

The bondsman relaxed but not released his hold at the sound of her voice. "You've heard all I said?" he demanded.

"Yes. I—I didn't like to come out while the man was here."

"And you'll tell your father?"

"No," denied the girl. "I didn't want to listen by stealth, but since I did, I'm no talebearer."

Raising the hand he held by the wrist, Charles kissed it. "I should have known you were no eavesdropper, Miss Janice," he said, releasing his hold.

"But—— Oh, what is it you are going to do?" asked Janice.

"I have your word that it goes no further?'

"Yes."

"A secret letter came to the Brunswick Committee yester morn from General Washington, saying that it had just been discovered that their powder account was a lie, and that there were less than ten rounds to each man in stock. He knew by some means of what is here, and he begged the committee to send it to him; for if the British attacked him in his present plight, 'twould be fatal. And yet, what think you the committee did?"

"They asked you to take it to him?"

"Not they, the—— Ah! there's no words to fit them. Old Hennion, mean hunks that he is, wanted them to write and offer to sell it at double what had been paid for't, while Bagby wouldn't part with it on any terms, because he said 'twas needed by the Invincibles to defend the town. The two voted down Parson McClave, who said that Brunswick should be laid in ashes, rather than that Washington should not be helped. Ah, Miss Janice, that's a man for these times!"

"Then what dost intend?"

"The parson came to me to counsel what was best, and 'tween us we concocted a plan to outwit the time-servers. There are plenty of fellows of spirit in the Invincibles, and 'tis our scheme to steal the powder some night, put it on a sloop, and be to sea before daylight."

"How monstrously exciting!" exclaimed Janice, her eyes sparkling. "And you——"

"I'll lead them. I'm desperate enough to do anything that has risk. There's real fighting there, if the accounts speak true, and perhaps a bullet will cancel both my shame and my bond—ay, and my—my love for you. For I love you, Miss Janice, love you more——"

Though taken very much by surprise, Janice drew herself up proudly, and interrupted: "You forget——" she began.

"Of course I forget!" broke in the groom. "What would love be worth if it didn't forget everything but itself? I forget I'm a bond-servant, you'd say. So I should if I were a king. But you are too heartless to know what love is," he ended, bitterly.

"'Tis not so," denied Janice, angrily; "but I'll love no redemptioner, though he be as good-looking and good-tempered as you are ill-natured and ugly."

"And who are you," demanded the man passionately, "to take such mighty airs? A daughter of a nobody, dubbed Esquire because he is the biggest bubble in a pint pot."

"I shall not stay here to be insulted," cried Janice, moving away. But in the doorway her exasperation got the better of her dignity, and she faced about and said: "You evidently don't know that my great-grandfather was Edward Byllynge."

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The man laughed contemptuously. "Why, you little ninny," he retorted, "my great-grandfather was a king of England!"

Janice caught hold of the lintel, and stood as if transfixed for a moment, even the mortifying epithet of the groom forgotten in her amazement. "A likely tale!" she ejaculated finally when the first surprise was past.

The bond-servant had gained control of himself in the pause, for he quietly rejoined: "'Tis true enough, though nothing to make a boast of, save to those who set great store by grandfathers." Then, in a sadder tone, he added: "'Twas a foolish brag I never thought to make, for it carries more shame than honour, and 'tis therefore best forgotten. Moreover, I ask your pardon for saying what else I did; 'twas my tongue and not my heart which spoke."

The insult being atoned, Janice came back. "You said you would tell me your history."

"But then—that was when I hoped—a fool I was."

The redemptioner paused, and then took a quick step toward Janice with an eager look on his face and his hand outstretched. "There is but one woman in the world can gain the right to hear my sorry tale. May I tell it to you?"

Young and inexperienced as the girl was, the implication of the question was too obvious for her to miss, and she replied "No."

The man dropped his arm and stood quietly for a moment; then gave a short, abrupt laugh. "Either 'tis my lot to worship clay idols," he said, "or no woman is worth loving."

"Small blame to them for not loving you," rejoined Janice.

"Electing to marry a put like Hennion! There's a husband of whom to be proud."

"At least he is no indentured servant," retorted the girl in her irritation, walking away from the stable. Once through the garden and in sight of the house, she halted, her attention attracted by some to-do about the porch. Coming swiftly forward, it was to discover the squire there, candle in hand, to light the dismounting of a horseman, and that horseman no less than Mr. Evatt.

"A welcome to ye," the host was saying. "Peg, tell Charles to come and take this horse. Get ye into the house, man. I'll hold him. Ah! Jan. Take Mr. Evatt in, lass, and tell thy mother we've a visitor."

Janice, feeling strangely shy, led the way to the parlour, and when her mother, after the briefest of greetings, promptly bustled off to order a glass of wine and to inspect the best lodging-room—as guest chambers were then termed—her embarrassment was sufficient to bring the blood glowing into her cheeks, while, not daring so much as to meet Evatt's eye, she hung her head and had much ado to keep from trembling.

Evatt stood with a broad smile on his face and unconcealed pleasure in his eyes, for in truth the girl made a picture to charm any man; and not till Janice lifted her eyes, and shot a furtive look at him, did he move toward her. He took her hand and whispered: "For nine months I've thought me of those lips and wondered when I should have taste of them. Quickly, or thy father will——"

"You mustn't!" gasped Janice, hanging her head more than ever. "I'm to marry Philemon."

"Tush!" exclaimed the man. "I heard that tarradiddle in York City! Why, thou'rt promised to me, dost not remember, and I'll not release thee, that I bind to. Wouldst rather have that clout than me, Janice?"

Very falteringly and still with downcast face the girl murmured, "No."

"Then I'll save you from him, mark my word. Come, up with thy lips, and give me a kiss for the promise. What! still frightened? 'Tis nothing so terrible. A court lady would have had a dozen kisses in the time I've pleaded. And thou art no mere country hoyden, without manners or——"

Already Janice was raising her head, the possibility of seeming countrified being worse even than a man's caress; but her intended submission and Evatt's speech were both interrupted by the clamp of boots in the hall, and the pair had barely time to assume less tell-tale attitudes when the squire and Phil were standing in the doorway.

"Friend Evatt," ejaculated Mr. Meredith, "come to my office at once. I've a matter I need your advice in. Lass, tell thy mother to send us the Madeira and rum, with some hot water, but let us not be disturbed."

Evatt made a grimace as he followed, and threw himself into a chair with a suggestion of irritation.

"This lad, for a reason he won't tell," began the squire, as he closed the door, "has kept eye on a bondsman of mine, and this evening, as luck would have it, he stood up on a barrel, by one of the stable windows, and overheard a pretty story the fellow told to some one whom Phil couldn't see. Tell it o'er, lad, as ye told it me."

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Hennion, thus admonished, retold the story of the powder, as the bond-servant had related it to Janice. But two omissions he made; the first being a failure to mention the connection of his father with the matter, and the second the presence of Janice in the stable.

"Here's news indeed!" exclaimed Evatt.

"Ay. But what to do with it is the question."

"Do! Why, get word of it to Howe as quick as may be, so that he may take advantage of their plight. We must send him a letter."

"'Tis easier said than done. Boston is encompassed, and no man can get through the lines."

"I have it. The Asia frigate, with her tender, lies in the lower bay at New York; the latter can be sent round with a letter to Boston. And you shall bear it, lad," added Evatt, turning to Phil.

"'Tain't no wish of mine," ejaculated Philemon.

"There is no one else we can trust. 'Twill be but a month's affair, at worst."

"But I don't care ter go," urged Hennion. "I want ter git married ter Miss Janice right off, and not——"

"Come, squire, tell the fellow he mustn't shirk his duty to his king. He can marry your daughter any time, but now's the moment to do a service to his country. Why, man, if it ends this rebellion, as it seems like to, they'll give you a title—and you, too, squire, I doubt not."

"He speaks true, Phil. Here's a chance, indeed. Put the girl out of thy head for a time, and think a man's thoughts."

"Ay," cried Evatt. "Don't prove the old saying:

"'He who sighs for a glass without G
Take away L and that is he.'"

It took much more urging to get Phil to yield, but finally, on a promise of the master of Greenwood that he should wed so soon as he returned, he gave a half-hearted consent. Over the rum a letter to Sir William Howe was written by Evatt, and he and Phil arranged to be up and away betimes in the morning.

"That puts him well out of the way," remarked Evatt, as in his bedroom he stripped off his clothes. "Now to be as successful with Miss Blushing Innocence."

XIII.

THE LOGIC OF HONOURED PARENTS AND DUTIFUL CHILDREN.

PHILEMON and Evatt were in the saddle by five the next morning and a little more than an hour later held consultation with Bagby. Everything except Phil's intended mission was quickly told him.

"Jingo!" he remarked, and then whistled. "Why, 'tis stealing! Isn't there to be no law in the land? When do they plot to rob us?"

"They meet this evenin' to scheme it, an' a body can't tell when they'll act."

"'Twon't likely be to-night, but I'll keep guard myself, all the same, and some of the Invincibles shall watch every night."

This warning given, and a bite taken at the tavern by way of breakfast, the ride to Amboy was made in quick time. Here a boat was secured, and the two were rowed off to the Asia as she lay inside the Hook. Evatt had a long conference with her captain in his cabin, and apparently won consent to his plan; for when he returned on deck, a cutter was cleared away and Phil was told it would put him on the tender which was to carry him to Boston. With many a longing glance at the shore, he bade good-by to Evatt, who cheered him by predictions of reward and speedy return.

Philemon gone, Evatt remained a short time in conference with the chaplain of the man-of-war, and then returned to Amboy. Once more taking horse, he set off on his return to Greenwood, arriving there in the heat of the afternoon. He was forced, by the absence of all the working force in the hayfield, to stable his horse himself, and then he walked toward what he had already observed from the saddle—Janice, seated upon a garden bench under a poplar on the lawn, making artificial flowers. Let it be acknowledged that until the appearance of Evatt the girl had worked languidly, and had allowed long pauses of idleness while she meditated, but with his advent she became the embodiment of industry.

"Odd's life!" the man ejaculated as he sat down beside the worker. "'Twixt love's heat and an August sun, your lover, Janice, has come nigh to dissolving."

Janice, with hands that shook, essayed to snip out a rose petal which her own cheeks matched in tint.

Evatt removed first his hat, and then his wig, that he might mop his head. Having re-

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placed the hirsute ornament, he continued: "And thy father is as hot for thy marriage with that yokel. He set the day yestere'en."

"When?" demanded the girl, looking up anxiously.

"What say you to this day week?"

"Oh!" cried Janice. "Was ever maid born under such a ha'penny planet?"

"Don't make outcry 'gainst thy star when it has sent you a lover in the nick of time, ready to save you from the bumpkin."

Janice took a shy come-and-go glance at him and said: "You mean——"

"What say you to an elopement?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, meeting Evatt's gaze eagerly. "'Twould be monstrous delightsome to be run off with, of course; but——"

"But what?"

"Well—I—— Mommy told me that in the province no maid could be lawfully wed without her parents' consent."

"True," assented the tempter, "if she wed where the colony law holds good. But we'll get round that by having the knot tied on royal ground."

"Not in England?" said the girl, drawing back a little.

"Think you I'd treat the lass I love like that?" responded Evatt reproachfully. "Nay. A friend of mine is chaplain on the Asia man-of-war, and he'll make no bones about helping us. And as the king's flag and broad arrow puts the ship out of the colony jurisdiction, 'twill make the thing legal despite the law."

"How romantic!" exclaimed Janice. "To think of making a stolen match, and of being wed on a king's ship!"

"Now dost want to rail at thy star?"

"'Tis great good fortune," ecstatically sighed the girl. "Think you 'twould be right?"

"Would I ask it if 'twere not?" rejoined Evatt heartily.

"But dadda and mommy——" began the falterer.

"Will be pleased enough when the job's done. Think you, if they weren't bound they'd not rather have a titled son-in-law than that gawk?"

"A what!" cried Janice.

"Thou dost not know thy lover's true name, Janice? 'Tis John Ombrey, Lord Clowes, who sits beside thee."

Janice sprang to her feet. "And I've spoke to you as if you were just—just a man," she cried in a horrified voice. "'Twas not fair so to beguile me!"

Evatt looked at the ground to hide the smile he could not suppress. "'Twas done for the king, Janice," he said. "And 'tis all the more romantic that I've won you without your knowing. Sit down again; if 'twere not in view of the house I should be kneeling to you."

Janice sank back on the garden seat. "I can't believe it yet!" she murmured breathlessly. "I knew of course thou wast a court gentleman, but——"

"And now I suppose you'll send me packing and wed the yokel?" suggested the lover.

"Oh, no!" cried Janice. "If you—if you really——" the girl gave a glance at the man, coloured to the temples, and, springing to her feet, fled toward the house. She did not stop till she had reached her room, where she flung herself on the bed and buried her cheeks in the pillow. Thus she lay for some time, then rose, looked at herself in the mirror, and finding her hair sadly disordered, she set about the task of doing it over. "'Tis beyond belief!" she murmured. "I must be very beautiful!" She paused in her task, and studied her own face. "Now I know why he always makes me feel so uncomfortable—and afraid—and—and gawky. 'Tis because he is a lord. Sometimes he does look at me as if—as if he were hungry—ugh! It frightens me. But he must know what's the mode. 'Lady Janice Clowes.' 'Tis a pity the title is not prettier. Whatever will Tibbie say when she hears!"

It was a little after ten that evening when the squire and Evatt parted for the night in the upper hall, the former being, as usual, not tipsy but in a jovial mood toward all things; and as this attitude is conducive to sleep, his snores were ere long reverberating to all waking ears. One pair of these were so keenly alive to every noise that not the chirp of a cricket escaped them, and from time to time their owner started at the smallest sound. Owing to this attention, they heard presently the creak of the stairs, the soft opening of the front door, and even the swish of feet on the grass. Then, though the ears fairly strained to catch the least noise, came a silence, save for the squire's trumpeting, for what seemed to the girl a period fairly interminable.

Finally the rustling of the grass told of the return of the prowler, and as the girl heard it she once more began trembling. "Oh!" she moaned. "If only I hadn't—if only he'd go

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away!" She rose from the bed, and stole to the window. "Mr. Evatt, I'm so frightened—I don't dare," she whispered to the figure standing below. "Wait till to-morrow night!"

"Nonsense!" said the man, so loudly that Janice was more scared that ever. "I told you it must be to-night. Come down quickly."

"Oh, please!" moaned Janice.

"Dost want to be the wife of that gawk?" demanded Evatt impatiently.

Though he did not know it, the girl vacillated. "At least I'm not frightened of Phil," was her thought.

"Well," called the man more loudly, "art going to keep me here all night?"

"Hush!" whispered Janice. "Thee'll wake——"

"Belike I will," he retorted irritably. "And if they ask me what's in the wind, they shall have the truth. Odd's life! I'm not a man to be fooled by a chit of a girl."

"Oh, hush!" again she begged, more frightened at the prospect of her parents knowing than by any other possibility: "I'll come if you'll only be quiet."

She took a small bundle, hurriedly stole downstairs and passed out of the house.

"Now you've come to your senses," said the man. "Give me the bundle and your hand," he continued, and set out at a rapid pace across the lawn, having almost to drag the girl, her feet carried her so unwillingly. "Over with you," he ordered, as they reached the stile at the corner, and when Janice descended she found two horses hitched to the fence and felt a little comforted by the mere presence of Daisy. She was quickly mounted, and they set off, the girl so helpless in her fright that Evatt had to hold her horse's bridle as well as his own.

"Burn it!" exclaimed Evatt, presently, "art never going to end thy weeping?"

"If you would only have waited till——" sobbed Janice.

"'Twas no time for shilly-shallying," interrupted the man. "Dost not see that we had to take to-night, when the groom was gone, for there'd have been no getting the horses with him sleeping in the stable?"

"What if we meet him returning?" cried the girl, her voice shaking.

"'Twould little matter. Think you he could catch us afoot?"

"But he could tell dadda."

"And by that time we shall be two-thirds of the way to Amboy. 'Tis but a twenty miles, and we should be there by three. Then if we meet no delay in getting a boat, we should be on the Asia near seven. By eight the chaplain will have made us twain one."

"Oh!" moaned the girl, "what ever will dadda say?"

As this was a question no one could answer, a silence ensued, which lasted until they rode into Brunswick. Guiding the horses upon the green, to reduce the beat of their hoofs to a minimum, Evatt turned off the grass at the river road and headed toward the bridge across the Raritan. As they approached, a noise of some kind arrested Evatt's attention, and he was just checking the horses when a voice cried:

"Stand!"

Janice gave a startled cry which instantly set a dog barking.

"Keep silence!" again ordered the unseen man.

Evatt, after an oath below his breath, demanded, "By what right do you stop us, whoever you are?"

"By the right of powder and ball," remarked the voice dryly.

Again the dog barked, and both Evatt and the unseen man swore. "Curse the beast!" said the latter. "Hist, Charles! Call the dog, or he'll wake the town."

Another voice from a little distance called "Clarion!" in a guarded inflection; meantime the dog had discovered his mistress, and was jumping about her horse, giving little yelps of pleasure.

In another instant Charles came running up. "What's wrong?" he questioned.

"'Tis a couple of riders I've halted," said the voice from the shadow.

"Out of the way!" ordered Evatt. "You've no right to prevent us from going forward. I've pistols in my holsters, and you'd best be careful how you take the law into your own hands."

The groom gave an exclamation as he recognised the riders; and, paying no attention to Evatt, he sprang to the side of the girl and rested his hand on the bridle, as if to prevent her horse from moving while he asked in amazement: "What brings you here?"

Speechless and shamed, the girl hung her head.

"Let go that bridle, you whelp!" blustered Evatt, throwing back the flap of his holster and pulling out a heavy horse pistol.

As he made the motion, the bondsman dropped the rein and seized the hand that held the weapon. For a moment there was a sharp struggle in which the third man, who sprang from the shadow, joined. Nor did Evatt cease

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resistance until three more men came running up, when, overborne by numbers, he was dragged from his horse and held to the ground. In the whole contest both sides had maintained an almost absolute silence, as if each had reasons for not waking the villagers.

"Stuff a sod of grass in his mouth to keep him quiet," ordered Charles, panting, "and tie him hand and foot." Taking a lantern from one of the men, he walked back to the speechless and frightened girl and held the light to her face. "'Tis not possible you—you—oh! I'll never believe it of you."

With pride and mortification struggling for mastery, Janice replied: "What you think matters not to me."

"You were eloping with this man?"

Though the groom's thoughts were of no moment to the girl, she replied: "To escape marrying Philemon Hennion."

"What things women are!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "You deserve no better than to be the doll common of that fellow, but——"

"We were to be married," cried Janice.

"In the reign of Queen Dick!"

"This very day on the Asia frigate."

"A likely tale," jeered the man. "Bring that fellow down to the boat," he called, and, taking the bridle, he started walking.

"Where are you taking me?" inquired Janice in fright.

"The parson is down by the river, helping transfer the powder, and I'm going to leave you with him to take back to Greenwood."

"Oh, Charles!" besought the girl. "You'll not be so cruel. I'd sooner die than—than—— Think what mommy—and dadda—and the whole village—— I didn't want to go with him—but—— Please, oh, please! You'll not disgrace me? I'll promise never to go off with him—indeed——"

"I'll be bound to that," sneered the servant with a harsh laugh, "for I'm going to take him with me to Cambridge."

For a moment Janice was silent; then cried: "If you only knew how I hate you."

The man laughed bitterly. "I do—from the way I hate—ay, and despise you."

Another moment brought them to the edge of a wharf, where a number of men were busying themselves in stowing barrels on board a small sloop. "Hold this horse," ordered the servant, while he joined one of the toilers and drew him apart in consultation.

"Powder aboard, cap'n," presently called some one.

"Take that man and stow him below decks along with it," ordered Charles. "Good-by, parson. I hope to send good news from Cambridge of this night's work. Boys, take Bagby out of the stocks before daylight, and tell him if the Invincibles want their powder to follow us, and they shall have fifty rounds of it a man, with plenty of fighting to boot. All aboard that are for the front!"

Half a dozen men followed, while those on the wharf cast off the fasts. But all at once stood still when the parson, with bowed head, began a prayer for the powder, for the adventurers who took it, and for the general and army it was designed to serve. Sternly yet eloquently he played, until the boat had drifted with the tide out of hearing, and the creak of the blocks came across the water, showing that those on board were making sail. Then as the men on the wharf dispersed, he mounted the horse Evatt had ridden.

"Janice Meredith," he said, "I propose to occupy this ride with a discourse upon the doctrine of total depravity, from which downward path you have been saved this night, deducing therefrom an illustration of the workings of grace through foreordination—the whole with a view to the saving of your soul and the admonishment of your sinful nature."

XIV.

A SUDDEN SCARCITY OF BEAUX.

It was daylight when the parson and Janice rode through the gate of Greenwood, and the noise of hoofs brought both the girl's parents to the window of their bedroom in costumes as yet by no means completed. Yet when, in reply to the demand of the squire as to what was the meaning of this arrival, it was briefly explained to him that his daughter had attempted to elope with his guest, he descended to the porch without regard to scantiness of clothing.

A terrible ten minutes for Janice succeeded, while the squire thundered his anger at her, and she, overcome, sobbed her grief and mortification into Daisy's mane. Then, when her father had drained the vials of his wrath, her mother appeared, in more proper garb, and in her turn heaped blame and scorn on the girl's bowed head. For a time the squire echoed his wife's indignation, but it is one thing to express wrath oneself and quite another to hear it fulminated by some one else; so presently the squire's heart began to soften for his lass, and he attempted at last to speak, not in

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defence, but in palliation of her conduct. This promptly resulted in Mrs. Meredith's ordering Janice off the horse and to her room. "Where I'll finish what I have to say," announced her mother; and the girl, helped down by Mr. Meredith, did as she was told, longing only for death.

The week which succeeded was a nightmare to Janice, her mother constantly recurring to her wickedness, the servants addressing her with a scared breathlessness which made her feel that she was indeed declassed forever, while the people of the neighbourhood, when she ventured out-of-doors, either grinned broadly or looked dourly when they met her, showing the girl that her shame was town property.

Mrs. Meredith also took frequent occasion to insist on the girl's marriage with Mr. McClave, on the ground that he alone could properly chasten her; but to this the squire refused to listen, insisting that such a son-in-law he would never have, and that he was bound to Philemon. "We'll keep close watch on her for the time he's away, and then marry her out of hand the moment he's returned," he said.

Had the parents attempted to carry out the system of espionage that they enforced during the first month they would have had their hands full far longer than they dreamed. Week after week sped by, summer ripened into fall, and fall faded into winter, but Philemon came not. Little by little Janice's misconduct ceased to be a general theme of village talk, and the life at Greenwood settled back into its accustomed groove. Even the mutter of cannon before Boston was but a matter of newspaper news, and the war, though now fairly inaugurated, affected the squire chiefly by the loss of the bondsman, for whom he advertised in vain.

One incident which happened shortly after the proposed elopement, and which cannot be passed over without mention, was a call from Squire Hennion on Mr. Meredith. The master of Boxely opened the interview by shaking his fist within a few inches of the rubicund countenance of the master of Greenwood, and, suiting his words to the motion, he roared: "May Belza take yer, yer old——" and the particular epithet is best omitted, the eighteenth-century vocabulary being more expressive than refined—"fer sending my boy ter Boston, wheer, belike, he'll never git away alive."

"Don't try to bully me!" snorted the squire, shaking his fist in turn, and much nearer to the hatchet-face of his antipathy. "Put that down or I'll teach ye manners. Yes, damn ye, for the first time in yer life ye shall be made to behave like a gentleman!"

"I defy yer ter do it!" retorted Hennion, with unconscious humour.

"Heyday!" said Mrs. Meredith, entering, "what's the cause of all this hurly-burly?"

"Enuf cause, an' ter spare," howled Hennion. "Here this——" once more the title is left blank for propriety's sake—"hez beguiled poor Phil inter goin' on some fool errand ter Boston, an' the feller knew so well I wudn't hev it thet all he dun wuz ter write me a line, tellin' how this —— insisted he shud go an' that he'd started. 'Twixt yer whiffet of a gal an' yer old —— of a husband, ye've bewitched all the sense the feller ever hed in his noddle, durn yer!"

"Let him talk," jeered the squire. "'Twill not bring Phil back. What's more, I'll make him smile the other side of his teeth before I've done with him. Harkee, man, I've a rod in pickle that will make ye cry small." The squire took a bundle of papers from an iron box and flourished them under Hennion's nose. "There are assignments of every mortgage ye owe, ye old fox, and pay day's coming."

"Let it," sneered the owner of Boxely. "Yer think I didn't know, I s'pose? Waal, thet's wheer yer aout. Phil, he looked so daown in their maouth just afore yer went ter York that I knew theer must be sumthin' ter make him act so pukish, an' I feels araound a bit, an' ez he ain't the best hand at deceivin' I hez the fac's in no time. An' ez I cudn't hev them 'ere mortgages in better hands, I tell'd him ter go ahead an' help yer all he cud. 'Twas I gave him the list of them I owed."

The squire, though taken aback, demanded: "And I suppose ye have the money ready to douse on pay day?"

Hennion sniggered. "Yer won't be hard, thet I know, squire. I reckon ye'll go easy on me."

"If ye think I'm goin' to spare ye on account of Phil ye are mightily out. I'll foreclose the moment each falls due, that I warn ye."

"Haow kin yer foreclose whin theer ain't no courts?"

"Pish!" snapped the mortgagor. "'Tis purely temporary; within a twelvemonth there'll be law enough. Think ye England is sleeping?"

"We'll see, we'll see," retorted Hennion. "In the meantime, squire, I hope yer won't worrit because I don't pay interest. Times

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ez thet onsettled thet yer kain't sell craps naw nothin', an' ready money's pretty hard ter cum by."

"Not I," rejoined the creditor. "'Twill enable me to foreclose all the quicker.'

"When theer's courts ter foreclose," replied Hennion, grinning suggestively. With this parting shot, he left the house and rode away.

On the same day that this interview occurred another took place in the Craigie house in Cambridge, then occupied as the headquarters of General Washington. The commander-in-chief was sitting in his room, busily engaged in writing, when an orderly entered and announced that a man who claimed to have important business, which he refused to communicate except to the general, desired a word with him. The stranger was promptly ushered in, and stood revealed as a fairly tall, well-shaped young fellow, clad in coarse clothing, and with a well-made wig of much better quality, which fitted him so ill as to suggest that it was never made for his head.

"I understand your Excellency is in need of powder," he said as he saluted.

A stern look came upon Washington's face. "Who are you, and how heard you that?" he demanded.

"My name is John Brereton. How I heard of your want was in a manner that needs not to be told, as——"

"Tell you shall," exclaimed Washington warmly. "The fact was known to none but the general officers and to the powder committee, and if there has been unguarded or unfaithful speech it shall be traced to its source."

"Your Excellency wrote a letter to the committee of Middlesex County in Jersey?"

"I did."

"The committee refused to part with the powder."

Washington rose. "Have they no public spirit, no consideration of our desperate plight?" he exclaimed.

"But, your Excellency, though the committee would not part with the powder, some lads of spirit would not see you want for it, and—and by united effort we succeeded in getting and bringing to Cambridge twenty half-barrels of powder, which is now outside, subject to your Excellency's orders."

With an exclamation mingling disbelief and hope, the commander sprang to the window. A glance took in the two carts loaded with kegs, and he turned, his face lighted with emotion.

"God only knows the grinding anxiety, the sleepless nights I have suffered, knowing how defenceless the army committed to my charge actually was! You have done our cause a service impossible to measure or reward." He shook the man's hand warmly.

"And I ask in payment, your Excellency, permission to volunteer."

"In what capacity?"

"I have served in the British forces as an officer, but all I ask is permission to fight, without regard to rank."

"Tell me the facts of your life."

"As I said, my name is John Brereton. Nothing else about me will ever be known from me."

Washington scrutinised the man with an intent surprise. "You cannot expect us to trust you on such information."

"An hour ago it would have been possible for me to have sneaked by stealth into the British lines with this letter," said the man, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper and handing it to the general. "What think you would Sir William Howe have given me for news, over the signature of General Washington, that the Continental Army had less than ten rounds of powder per man?"

Washington studied the face of the young fellow steadily for twenty seconds. "Are you good at penmanship?" he asked.

"I am a deft hand at all smouting work," replied Brereton.

"Then, sir," said Washington, smiling slightly, "as I wish to keep an eye on you until you have proved yourself, I shall for the present find employment for you in my own family."

Thus a twelvemonth passed without Philemon Hennion, John Evatt, Charles Fownes, Parson McClave, or any other lover so much as once darkening the doors of Greenwood.

"Janice," remarked her mother at the end of the year, "dost realise thou'rt a girl of eighteen and without a lover, much less a husband? I was wed before I was seventeen, and so are all respectably behaved females. See what elopements come to. 'Tis evident thou'rt to die an old maid."

XV.

HEADQUARTERS IN 1776.

In 1776, on September 15, a group of horsemen, occupying a slight eminence of ground on the island of Manhattan, were gazing eastward. Below and nearer the water were spread lines of soldiers behind intrenchments,

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while from three men-of-war lying in the river came a heavy cannonade that swept the shore line and spread over the water a pall of smoke which, as it drifted to leeward, obscured the Long Island shore from view."

"'Tis evidently a feint, your Excellency," presently asserted one of the observers, "to cover a genuine attack elsewhere—most likely above the Haarlem."

The person addressed—a man with an anxious, care-worn face that made him look fifty at least—lowered his glass, but made no reply for some moments. "You may be right, sir," he remarked, "though to me it has the air of an intended attack. What think you, Reed?"

"I agree with Mifflin. The attack will be higher up. Hah! Look there!"

A rift had come in the smoke, and a column of boats, moving with well-timed oars, could for a moment be seen as it came forward.

"They intend a landing at Kip's Bay, as I surmised," exclaimed the general. "Gentlemen, we shall be needed below." He turned to Reed and gave him an order concerning reinforcements, then wheeled and, followed by the rest, trotted over the ploughed field. Once on the highway he spurred his horse, putting him to a sharp canter.

"What troops hold the works on the bay, Mifflin?" asked one of the riders.

"Fellows' and Parsons' brigades, Brereton."

"If they are as good at fighting as at thieving they'll distinguish themselves."

"Ay," laughed Mifflin. "If the red coats were but chickens or cattle, the New England militia would have had them all captured ere now."

"They'll be heard from to-day," said a third officer. "They've earthworks to git behind, and they'll give the British anuther Bunker Hill."

"Then you ought to be quick, General Putnam," said Brereton, "for that's the fighting you like."

The road lay in the hollow of the land, and not till the party reached a slight rise were they able once more to get a glimpse of the shores of the bay. Then it was to find the flotilla well in toward its intended landing-place, and the American troops retreating in great disorder from their breastworks.

Exclamations of surprise and dismay sprang from the lips of the riders, and their leader, turning his horse, jumped the fence and galloped across the fields to intercept the fugitives. Five minutes brought them up to the runaways, who, out of breath with the sharpness of their pace, had come to a halt, and were being formed by their officers into a little less disorder.

"General Fellows, what was the reason for this disorderly retreat?" demanded the general, when within speaking distance.

"The men were seized with a panic on the approach of the boats, your Excellency, and could not be held in the lines."

Washington faced the regiments, his face blazing with scorn. "Ye ran before a shot had been fired! Before ye lost a man ye deserted works that have taken weeks to build and which could be held against any force." He paused for a moment, and then, drawing his sword, he called with spirit: "Who's for recovering them?"

A faint cheer passed down the lines, but almost as it sounded the red coats of fifty or sixty light infantry came into view on the road, a skirmishing party thrown forward from the landing to reconnoitre. Had they been Howe's whole army, however, they could not have proved more effective, for instantly the two brigades broke and dissolved once more into squads of flying men.

At such cowardice, Washington lost all control of himself, and, dashing in among the fugitives, he passionately struck right and left with the flat of his sword, thundering curses at them; while Putnam and Mifflin, as well as the aides, followed his example. It was hopeless, however, to stay the rush; the men took the blows and the curses unheeding, while throwing away their guns and scattering in every direction.

Made frantic by such conduct, Washington wheeled his horse. "Charge!" he cried, and rode toward the enemy, waving his sword.

If the commander-in-chief had hoped to put some of his own courage into the troops by his example, he failed. Not a man of the runaways ceased flying. None the less, as if regardless of consequences in his desperation, Washington rode furiously on, until one of the aides dashed his spurs into his horse and came up beside his general at a mad gallop.

"Your Excellency!" he cried, "'tis but hopeless and will but end in—" Then, as his superior did not heed him, he seized the left rein of his horse's bridle and, pulling on it, swung him about in a large circle, letting go his hold only when they were riding away from the enemy.

Washington offered no resistance, and rode the hundred yards to where the rest of his staff were standing, with bowed head. Noth-

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ing was said as he rejoined the group, and Blueskin, disappointed in the charge for which he had shown as much eagerness as his rider, let his mind recur to thoughts of oats; finding no control in the hand that held his bridle, he set out at an easy trot toward headquarters.

They had not ridden many yards ere Washington lifted his head, the expression of hopelessness, which had taken the place of that of animation, in turn succeeded by one of stern repose. He issued three orders to as many of the riders, showing that his mind had not been dwelling idly on the disaster, slipped his sword into its scabbard, and gathered up his reins again.

"There!" thought Blueskin, as a new direction was indicated by his bit, "I'm going to have another spell of it riding all ways of a Sunday, just as we did last night. And it's coming on to rain."

Rain it did very quickly; but from post to post the horsemen passed, the sternly silent commander speaking only when giving the necessary orders to remedy so far as possible the disaster of the afternoon. Not till eleven, and then in a thoroughly drenched condition, did they reach the Morris House on Haarlem Heights. It was to no rest, however, that the general arrived; for, as he dismounted, Major Gibbs of his life guards informed him that the council of war he had called was gathered and only awaited his attendance.

"Get you some supper, gentlemen," he ordered, to such of his aides as were still of the party, "for 'tis likely that you will have some more riding when the council have deliberated."

"'Tis advice he might take to himself to proper advantage," said one of the juniors, while they began stripping off their wet coverings in a side room.

"Ay," asserted Brereton. "The general uses us hard, Tilghman, but he uses himself harder." Then aloud he called, "Billy?"

"Yis, sah!"

"Make a glass of rum punch and take it in to his Excellency."

"Foh Lord, sah, I doan dar go in, an' yar know marse never drink no spirits till de day's work dun."

"Make a dish of tea, then, you old coward, and I'll take it to him so soon as I've got these slops off me. 'Fore George! How small-clothes stick when they're wet."

"You mean when a man's so foppish that he will have them made tight enough to display the goodness of his thighs," rejoined Gibbs, who, being dry, was enjoying the plight of the rest. "Make yourself smart, gentlemen, there are ladies at quarters to-night."

"You don't puff that take-in on us, sirrah," retorted Tilghman.

"'Pon honour. They arrived a six hours ago, and have been waiting to see the general."

"You may be bound they are old and plain," prophesied Brereton, "or Gibbs would be squiring them 'stead of wasting time on us."

"There you're cast," rejoined the major. "I caught but a glimpse, yet 'twas enough to prove to me that all astronomers lie."

"How so?"

"In saying that but twice in a century is there a transit of Venus."

"Then why bide you here, man?"

"That's the disgustful rub. They were with a man under suspicion, and orders were that none should hold converse with him before the general examined into it. A plague on't!"

Discussion of Venus was here broken by the announcement of supper, and the makeshift meal was still unfinished when the general's body-servant appeared with the tea. Taking it, Brereton marched boldly to the council door, and, giving a knock, he went in without awaiting a reply.

The group of anxious-faced men about the table looked up, and Washington, with a frown, demanded, "For what do you interrupt us, sir?"

The young officer put the tea on the map lying in front of the general. "Billy didn't dare take this to your Excellency, so I made bold to e'en bring it myself."

"This is no time for tea, Colonel Brereton."

"'Tis no time for the army to lose their general," replied the aide. "I pray you drink it, sir, for our sake if you won't for your own."

A kindly look supplanted the sternness of the previous moment on the general's face. "I thank you for your thoughtfulness, Brereton," he said, raising the cup and pouring some of the steaming drink into the saucer. Then as the officer started to go, he added, "Hold!" Picking up a small bundle of papers that lay on the table, he continued: "Harrison tells me that there is a prisoner under guard for my examination. I shall scarce be able to attend to it this evening, and to-morrow is like to be a busy day. Take charge of the matter, and report to me the moment the council breaks up. Here are the papers."

Standing in the dim light of the hallway, the aide opened the papers and read them hastily. Either the strain on the eyes, or some emotion, put a frown on his face, and it was

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still there as he walked to the door before which stood a sentry, and passed into a badly lighted room.

"Powerful proud ter meet yer Excellency," was his greeting from a man in civilian shorts and a military coat, who held out his hand. "Captain Bagby desired his compliments ter yer, an' ter say that legislative dooties pervented his attinding ter the matter hisself."

Paying no heed to either outstretched hand or words, the officer glanced first at the man standing beside the fireplace and then at the two women, who had risen as he entered. He waited a moment, glancing from one to the other, as if expecting each of them to speak; but when they did not, he asked gruffly of the guard, though still with his eyes on the prisoners: "And for what were the ladies brought?"

"Becuz they wudn't be left berhind on no accaount. Yer see, yer Excellency, that things hez been kinder onsettled in Middlesex Caounty, an' it hain't been a joyful time to them as wuz Tories; so when orders cum ter bring old Meredith ter York Island, his wife an' gal didn't dare ter stay by themselves."

"Ay," spoke up the man by the fireplace bitterly. "A nice pass ye've brought things to, that women dare not tarry in their own homes for fear of insult."

"You may go," said the officer to the captor, pointing at the door.

"Ain't I ter hear the 'zamination, yer Excellency?" demanded the man regretfully. "The hull caounty is sot on knowin' ther fac's." But as the hand still pointed to the entrance, the man passed reluctantly through it.

Taking a seat shadowed from the dim light of the solitary candle, the officer asked: "You are aware, Mr. Meredith, on what charge you are in military custody?"

"Not I," growled the master of Greenwood. "For more than a year gone I've taken no part in affairs, but 'tis all of a piece with you Whigs that—to trump up a charge against—"

"This is no trumpery accusation," interrupted the officer. "I hold here a letter to Sir William Howe, found after our army took possession of Boston, signed by one Clowes, and conveying vastly important information as to our lack of powder, which he states he obtained through you."

"Now a pox on the villain!" cried the squire. "Has he not tried to do me enough harm in other ways, but he must add this to it! Janice, see the evil ye've wrought."

"Oh, dadda," cried the girl desperately, "I know I was—was a wicked creature, but I've been sorry, and suffering for it, and I don't think 'tis fair to blame me for this. 'Twas not I who brought him—"

"Silence, miss!" interrupted her mother. "Wouldst sauce thy father in his trouble?"

"You obtained the knowledge Clowes transmitted from your daughter?" asked the officer.

"My daughter? Not I! How could a chit of a girl know aught of such things? Clowes got it from young Hennion, and the devil had I really to do with it, write what he pleases."

"Pray take chairs, ladies," suggested the aide, with more politeness. "Now, sir, unravel this matter, so far as 'tis known to you."

When the squire's brief tale of how the information was obtained and forwarded to Boston was told, the officer was silent for some moments. Then he asked: "Hast had word of Clowes since then?"

"Not sight or word since the night the—"

"Oh, dadda," moaned Janice, "please don't!"

"Since he attempted to steal my girl from me. And if e'er I meet him I trust I'll have my horsewhip handy."

"Is Hennion where we can lay hands upon him?"

"Not he. 'Twas impossible for him to get out of Boston, try his best, and the last word we had of him—wrote to his rascally father—was that he'd 'listed in Ruggles' loyalists."

"Then the only man we can bring to heel is this bond-servant of thine."

"Not even he. The scamp took French leave, and if ye want him ye must search your own army."

"Canst aid us to find him?"

"I know nought of him, or his doings, save that last June I received the price I paid for his bond, through Parson McClave, who perhaps can give ye word of him."

The officer rose, saying: "Mr. Meredith, I shall report on your case to the general, so soon as he is free, and have small doubt that you will be acquitted of blame and released. I fear me you will find headquarters' hospitality somewhat wanting in comfort, for we're o'ercrowded, and you arrive in times of difficulty. But I'll try to see that the ladies get a room, and, what ever comes, 'twill be better than the guard-house." He went to the hall door, and called, "Grayson!"

"Well?" shouted back some one.

"There are two ladies to be lodged here for the night. Can I offer them our room?"

"Ay. And my compliments to them, and say they may have my company along with it, if they be youngish."

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"Tut, man," called Brereton reprovingly. "None of thy Virginian freeness, for they can hear you." He turned and said: "You must take pot luck on the floor here, Mr. Meredith, but if the ladies will follow me I will see that they are bestowed in more comfortable quarters," and he led the way upstairs, where, lighting a candle, he showed them to a small room, very much cluttered by military clothes and weapons, thrown about in every direction. "I apologise, ladies," he remarked, "but for days it's been ride and fight till when sleeping hours came 'twas bad enough to get one's clothes off, let alone put them tidy."

"And indeed, sir, there is no need of apology," responded Mrs. Meredith warmly, "save for us, for turning you from the little comfort you possess."

"'Tis a pleasure amid all the strife we live in to be able to do a service," replied the officer gallantly, as he bowed low over Mrs. Meredith's hand and then kissed it. He turned to the girl and did the same. "May you rest well," he added, and left the room.

"Oh, mommy!" exclaimed Janice, "didst ever see a more distinguished or finer-shaped man? And his dress and manners are—"

"Janice Meredith! Wilt never give thy thoughts to something else than men?"

"Well, Brereton," asked Tilghman as the aide joined his fellow-soldiers, "how did his Excellency take your boldness?"

"As punishment, he sent me to examine Gibbs' Venus."

"Devil take your luck!" swore Gibbs. "I'll be bound ye made it none too short. Gaze at the smug look on the dandy's face."

Brereton laughed gleefully as he stripped off his coat and rolled it up into a pillow. "I've just kissed mamma's hand," he remarked.

"I can't say much for thy taste!"

"In order," coolly went on Brereton, as he stretched himself flat on the floor, "that I might then kiss that of Venus—and over that I did not hurry, lads. Therefore, gentlemen, my present taste is, despite Gibbs' slur, most excellent, and I expect sweet dreams till his Excellency wants me. Silence in the ranks."

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S SEASON

When is Love's season of bloom, my dear?
  Is it when buttercups gild the field
And violets delicate perfume yield?
  —True Love lasteth through all the year!

When is Love's season of bloom, my dear?
  Is it when roses their sweets unfold
And the lily reveals her heart of gold?
  —True Love lasteth through all the year!

When is Love's season of bloom, my dear?
  Is it when maples are vivid red
And oak leaves brown on the earth outspread?
  —True Love lasteth through all the year!

What is Love's season, of all the year?
  Is it when snow on the ground lies white
And stars pierce the sky with keen, cold light?
  —True Love blooms ever where *you* are, dear!

Rene S. Parks.

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TO A POET

He greatly errs who hopes to win the bays
  Without a battle and without a scar;
To walk among the lilies all his days,
  Or lie in sloth, yet reach and seize a star.

O youth, who knockest at the gate of Fame,
  Long must thy waiting and thy watching be;
Beside that gate, with two-edged sword of flame,
  A Shape stands waiting that shall challenge thee.

Long years shall pass, and find thee waiting still,
  With eyes grown dim, and bonny locks turned gray;
Long years shall pass, and high upon a hill
  The palace that thou seekest far away!

Long years shall pass, and then the shades of night
  Shall rust the golden twilight into brown;
Long years shall pass, and in the fading light
  Far, far away shall shine the promised crown.

Who weds the Muse must others all forsake;
  Who takes her hand must never look behind;
He must not falter, though his heart may break;
  To all allurements deaf and dumb and blind.

To far, far places must thy feet be turned,
  Where strangers only meet thee with a scowl,
When thy brave heart, which once with ardour burned,
  Shall seem to throb beneath a sable cowl.

The love thou longest for may be denied,
  Thy soul without a comrade evermore,
No one to cheer thee, treading at thy side,
  No fair-haired children playing at thy door.

Old friends will say, when other friends have fled,
  "Forsake the hopeless task thy soul hath sworn!
Poor and neglected, thou dost want for bread,
  Thy coat is threadbare and thy cloak is worn."

Like England's Alfred, fleeing in disguise,
  And hotly hunted, planning desperate schemes,
A hag may harry with her shrewish cries
  For letting cakes burn as you dream your dreams.

But yet, like Douglas with the heart of Bruce,
  Keep safe thy treasure, scorning still to fly;
That tempter spurn who would thy soul seduce,
  And fight to win, or with thy Charge to die.

Walter Malone.

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THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY

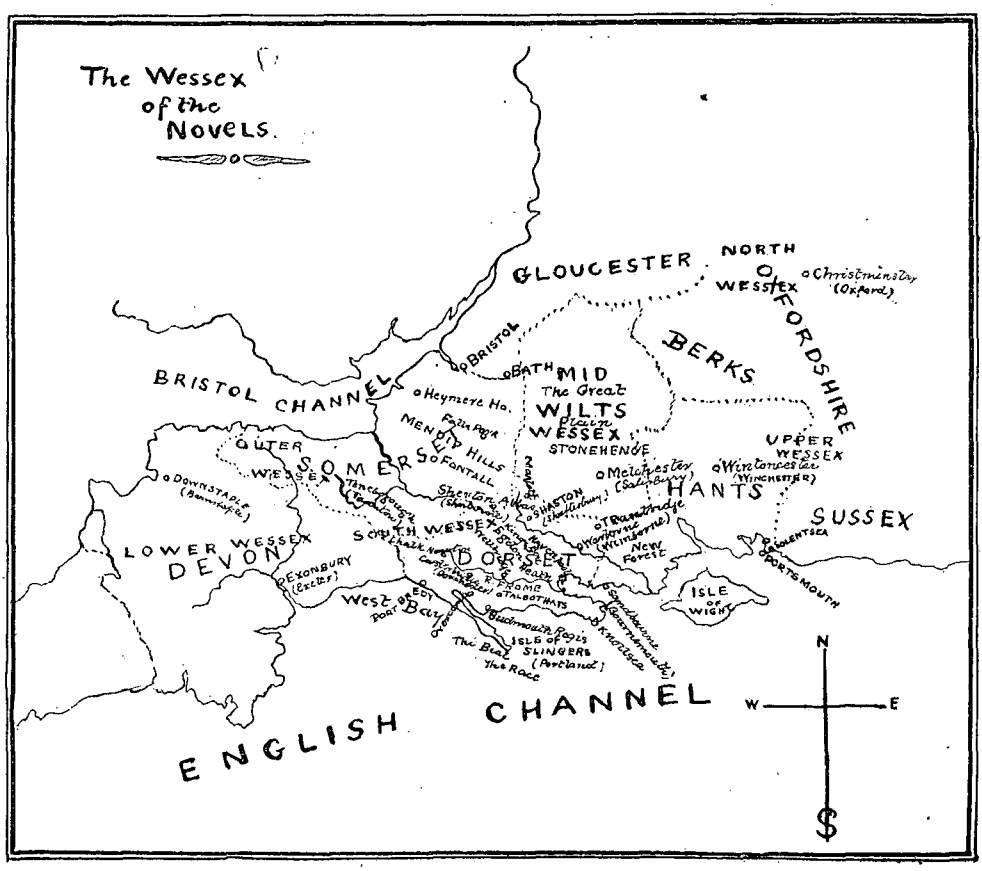
Scenes from the Wessex Novels

Written and Illustrated from Copyright Photographs, taken expressly for this series by Clive Holland

I.

THE genius of Thomas Hardy, who lives at "Max Gate," Dorchester, England, situated in almost the heart of the country he has made his own in his novels, has done for the county of Dorset, and in a lesser degree, for Hants, Wilts, Somerset and parts of Oxford and Devon what his contemporary, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, has done not less admirably for the last-named county in his famous *Lorna Doone* and other West Country tales.

The district in which the scenes of the Wessex novels are laid is subdivided by the novelist himself into North Wessex, South Wessex, Mid-Wessex, Outer Wessex, Lower Wessex and Upper Wessex, and comprises what may be roughly called the greater part of the South and West of England. A very large number of the towns, and even villages of importance in Hants, Wilts, Dorset and Somerset are mentioned by name or are thinly disguised in the novels and volumes of short stories which, numbering nearly a score, bear his name. But it is to Dorset, after



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JUDGE JEFFREYS'S LODGING.

all, with its sharp contrasts in scenery and character, that the novelist has devoted loving and unremitting care and study. Indeed, it may almost be said that Dorset is Wessex, so comparatively seldom does he wander even for a brief period of time outside its confines.

It is with the identification of some of the more famous scenes depicted in the various stories, and the description and illustration of the actual places, that these articles will seek to deal.

Dorchester, from which centre the scenes of the various novels may almost be said to radiate, is a typical West Country town of some eight thousand inhabitants. Its importance, however, in the past has at various times been great, and now in the present day it is still greater than its size would imply. A Roman military base, it was anciently known as Duronvaria. The vicissitudes which overtook it during the period of the Danish occupation were numerous and disastrous. Just after the dawn of the eleventh century the town, then flourishing, and one of the chief places in the West of England, was totally destroyed by fire, and for some two hundred years its history is rather of a recuperative than of an advancing character. The disquieting times following the Norman Conquest had much to do with the slow advance the town made toward regaining the position the calamities that had at various times overtaken it caused it to lose. But eventually a rich priory was established, a castle erected and the town walls enlarged, repaired and strengthened.

Dorchester, however, had not yet done with misfortune. For half way through the last decade of the year 1500 it was stricken with the plague, and the population of the town was, according to the chroniclers, reduced by one half. Eighteen years later it was once more the scene of a conflagration, which laid two thirds of the town in ruins. During the great Civil War the town was loyal to the Parliament; it was captured, however, by the King's forces under the Earl of Carnarvon, and during the rest of the war played an important part in the struggle for supremacy in the West, being alternately occupied by the Cavaliers and Roundhead forces.

Not quite half a century later, in 1685,

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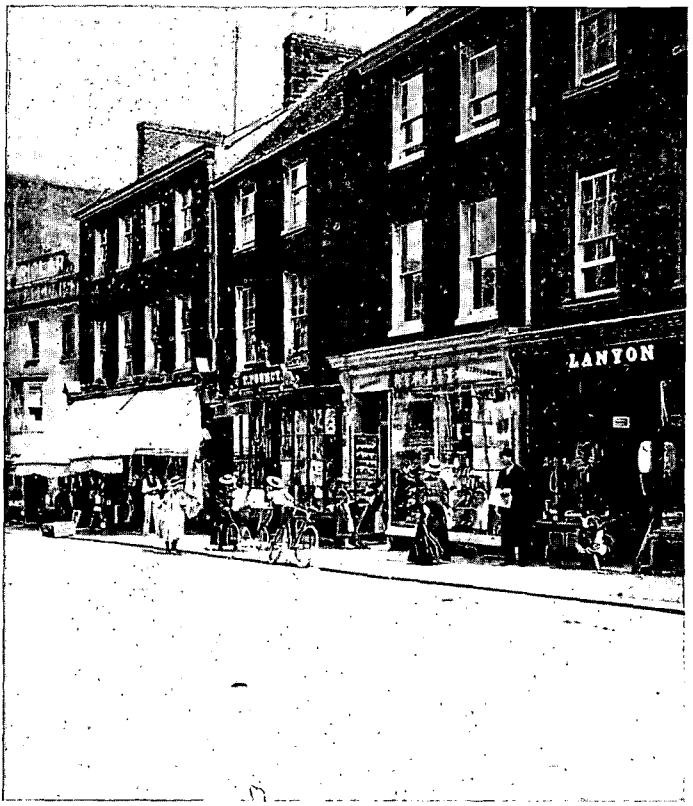

MR. CASE'S SHOP, CORNHILL, DORCHESTER, AT WHICH MR. HARDY WHEN A BOY USED TO BORROW BOOKS.

the ancient town with its dismantled defences became the scene of one of the bloodiest farces of justice which stain the pages of history. It was here that the infamous Jeffreys, judge in nothing save name, held his "Bloody Assizes." He lodged in the High West Street; the window, which in those days commanded a view of the jail, and out of which he gazed at the executions of his victims, is still shown. There were over three hundred prisoners to be tried, and the infamous wretch in whose hands their fate lay let it be understood that the only hope of mercy was a plea of guilty. Scores of the unfortunate people, who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, on pleading guilty were without trial ordered to be executed forthwith—two hundred and ninety-two receiving sentence of death out of about three hundred and twenty prisoners. Jeffreys's chair is still shown at the Town Hall. Dorchester, by reason of the magnitude of its misfortunes, almost from time immemorial up to the commencement of the eighteenth century, deserved well of fate, and from the termination of the period embraced by the Monmouth Rebellion its history has down to the present day been uneventful.

"Max Gate," as Thomas Hardy's house is called, lies about three quarters of a mile outside the town, and is approached by a short carriage drive from the Wareham road. The views from the upper windows on one side look over into the valley of the Frome, and on the entrance side, which faces almost south, across at the rising ground toward the coast, which in a straight line is distant about six or seven miles. The house has an unpretentious exterior, but inside all is interesting and well arranged. Originals of many of the illustrations to those of the novelist's stories which have appeared serially, as well as sketches donated by famous artists, adorn the walls and lend an individuality to the house.

As is, perhaps, natural, Dorchester—the Casterbridge of the novels—plays an important part in a considerable number of the novelist's stories. The immediately surrounding country, indeed, lends itself admirably to the descriptive gifts which Thomas Hardy possesses in so marked a degree.

It is not the purpose of the writer to deal with the whole series of seventeen volumes, into which the Wessex novels and short tales have been recently gathered, in a uniform edition. We are compelled from considerations of space to make a selection as representative as possible, not laying claim, however, to either the selection or inclusion of necessarily

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THE WELLAND HOUSE OF "TWO ON A TOWER."

the most excellent of the novelist's works in every case.

For the purposes of this choice the novels (excluding the three collections of short stories—*A Group of Noble Dames, Life's Little Ironies* and *Wessex Tales*) may be classified in three divisions with some attempt at exactness—namely, the Idyllic, the Tragic, and the Miscellaneous, in which are included the tales having a romantic, comic, ironic or extravagant note.

Under the first head may be placed *The Trumpet Major* and Mr. Hardy's second novel, as regards sequence of publication, *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Of these two we have selected the first named as being the more powerful book, and as providing a better example of "action." The second classification includes—in the order of their publication—*Desperate Remedies, A Pair of Blue Eyes, Far from the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge, The Woodlanders, Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. Of these *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* have been selected for illustration. In the remaining class may be placed *The Hand of Ethelberta, A Laodicean, Two on a Tower,* and *The Well-Beloved*, from which *Two on a Tower* and *The Well-Beloved* have been selected—the latter more especially because of its elusiveness, a quality more highly developed in this novel than in any of the others.

Although Thomas Hardy has studied his characters and their background so closely that identification of the latter becomes a matter of no great difficulty to one well acquainted with the counties in which the scenes are laid, he has on occasion availed himself of the novelist's privilege to idealise, and even sometimes to combine two or more places under one description. For example, the Welland House—Lady Constantine's home—of *Two on a Tower* is partly Charborough House, near Winterborne, and partly an old mansion (now a farm-house), near Milborne St. Andrew. In like manner, the column (the tower of the story), which plays so important a part in the novel, is, as regards situation and surroundings, that standing within half a mile of the house, in the midst of a tree-clad hill, called Weatherbury Castle; while, as regards architectural formation and accessibility, the column is rather that placed on the rising ground amid the trees near Charborough. The same

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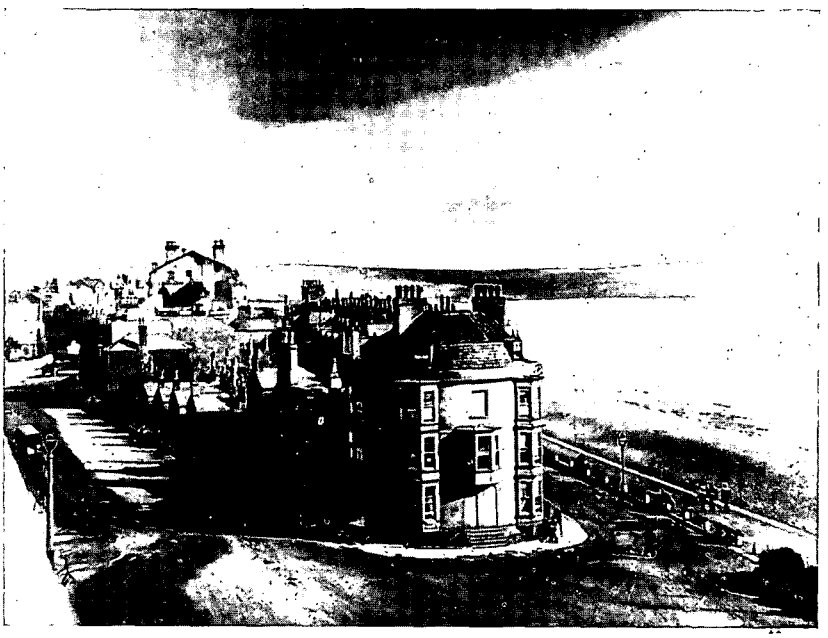
may be said of Talbothays, the dairy in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Referring to the identification of this, Mr. Hardy says in a recent letter to the writer that Talbothays represents "two or three dairies in the Frome Valley . . . any existing house of that name has been so called since the novel was written, and has no claim to be the scene." This note will also serve to explain why so important a place as Talbothays occupies in the story is not here illustrated by means of a photograph.

Dorset, it may truly enough be said, is like no other county of England. It gives a general impression of age, and yet not merely age as a modern would understand it, but rather that of the true Dorset phrase, "an old, ancient county." Time—one is almost tempted to write civilisation—has affected it probably far less than any other district in the South and Southwest of England. Each great period of history seems to have affected it deeply, and instead of being obliterated by succeeding periods blends with them while still retaining much of its individuality.

Dorset has a trace of the Roman occupation still left in its idioms and in the faces of its peasantry; of the ecclesiastic of Saxon times in its buildings and traditions; of the Norman period in many of its customs, and of the Middle Ages in much of its placidity and "behind the times" air. Many of the old towns are still Roman in character as regards their plan, while examples of Elizabethan and early Georgian architecture still abound throughout the county in manor houses (many singularly well preserved) and in the townlets and villages. Dorchester (Casterbridge) is rich in all these echoes of the past. And whenever the foundations of a new house are being dug, or a field is turned up more deeply than usual with the plough, it is always with the chance that some Roman spear head, coin, fibula, urn or pin will be unearthed. From time to time in the chalk pits skeletons of the Roman soldiery are discovered, lying on their sides in a roughly hollowed-out coffin, carved in the chalk itself. Outside the town, along the road, trending southward, is the huge amphitheatre, round which several legends have been woven, the most circumstantial of which is that in summer-time persons sitting in the arena even in broad daylight have at times on lifting their eyes from



THE WEYMOUTH (BUDMOUTH REGIS) OF TO-DAY.

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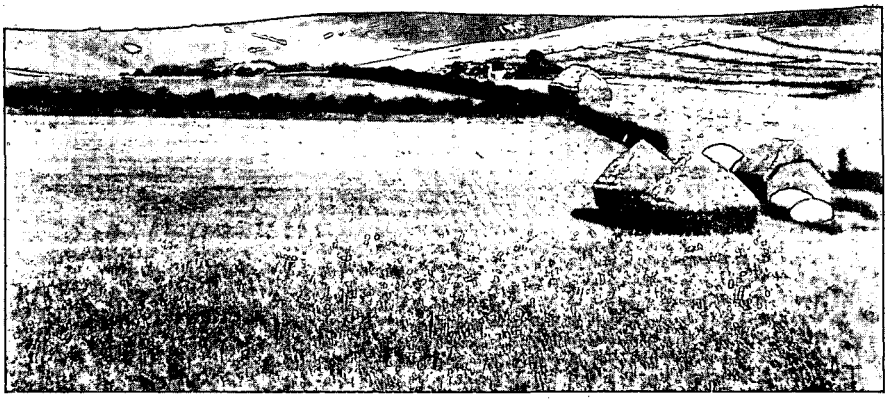
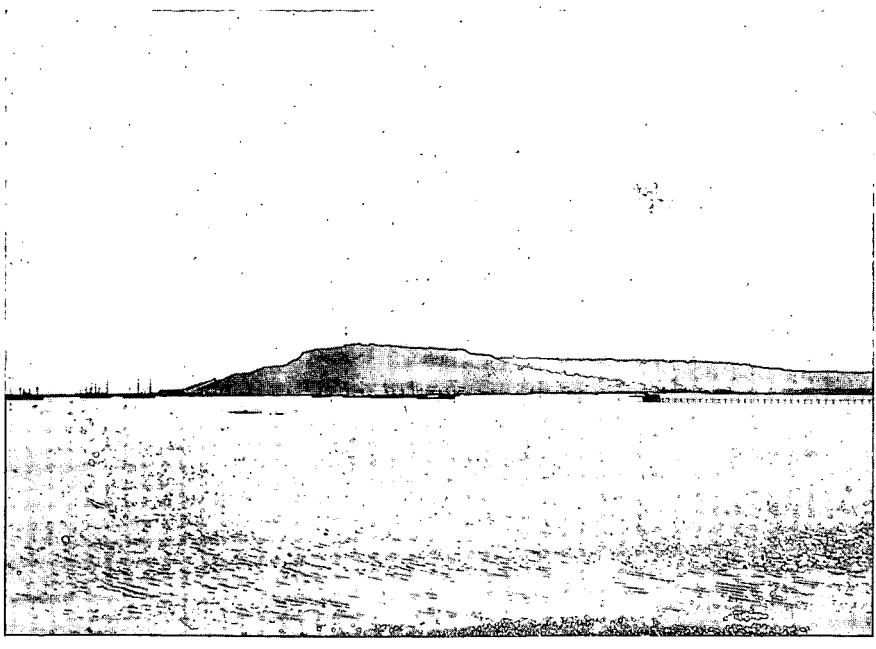


THE DOWN ABOVE OVERCOMBE MILL, ALSO THE SITE OF THE GRAND REVIEW, DESCRIBED IN "THE TRUMPET MAJOR."



"THE ISLE . . . LYING ON THE SEA TO THE LEFT OF THESE, LIKE A GREAT, CROUCHING ANIMAL, TETHERED TO THE MAINLAND."

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the book they were reading, or on first opening them after a doze, been startled to see the green slopes lined with the Roman legion of Hadrian apparently intent upon some equally spectral gladiatorial show going on in the arena below them. Even the hoarse murmur of the voices of these long dead Romans has been heard ere the whole vision of phantasms disappeared as swiftly as it was conjured up!

It is not, however, in these legends alone that the England of the past seems to be almost still the England of the present to the traveller and wayfarer who journeys through Dorset and other parts of Wessex with open eyes and in a romantic spirit. On all sides—in the names of the villages and hamlets scattered in the fertile vales or perched on some hill which, from its configuration, suggests the "earthworks" of the period of Roman occupation rather than hillocks of nature's formation; in the ruins of monastic institutions scattered thickly throughout the countryside; in the churches, Saxon and otherwise, such as that of Saint Cuthberga at Wimborne (the Warborne of the novels), in which, at least, one Saxon king has found sepulture, and the old Saxon church at Shaftesbury (Shaston), where St. Edward lies, and in the slow, old-time speech of the peasantry—the same almost mediæval spirit seems to still exist.

"Dorset has stood still for several hundred years" is not the exaggerated statement of the antiquarian who made it, but a perhaps singular but scarcely deniable truth.

"THE BUSY SCENE OF LOADING AND UNLOADING CRAFT . . . AT THE BOATS AND BARGES RUBBING AGAINST THE QUAY WALL."

The Trumpet Major, the first book we have selected for illustration, deals with an older period of Dorset life than any other of Thomas Hardy's novels—if we exclude the shorter stories—and yet the speech of the characters in the comparatively modern *Tess,* which cannot be post-dated more than a quarter of a century, probably considerably less, is that of those in the other story dealing with events in the early days of the century, when the South of England was under arms awaiting for the threatened Napoleonic invasion, and children, if not their

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"THE VACANT AND SOLEMN HORIZON UPON WHICH ANNE GARLAND GAZED WITH WET EYES, AND MURMURED, 'THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, THAT DO BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS—.'"

"ANNE GARLAND MIGHT STILL TAKE HER WAY TO PORTLAND . . . ALONG THE COAST ROAD."

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CASTERBRIDGE STREET.

elders, lay a-bed of nights trembling at the thoughts of the redoubtable "Boney." And, doubtless, had there been a Hardy in the century before, the talk of his types would have been but little different from that of the Wessex novelist of to-day.

In each of the Wessex novels the reader is kept within a definite sphere of interest. In *The Trumpet Major* that sphere is practically comprised within a radius of ten or fifteen miles around Budmouth Regis (the Weymouth of to-day). In his preface the novelist states that this particular "tale is founded more largely on testimony—oral and written—than any other in this series." And the relics in the way of trenches dug on the summits of the downs, old pike heads found in lofts, and volunteer uniforms preserved in clothes-presses of old-fashioned folk, are by no means a thing entirely of the past in Dorset. Quite recently, during the repairs of a warehouse on the Quay Poole (Havenpool), the upper shutters of the loft were discovered to be drilled for musketry, and in a chest were found the sabretaches, uniforms and hats of the Poole volunteers of the time when Napoleon Bonaparte was hourly expected by the inhabitants of the coast of Sussex, Hants, Dorset and Devon more especially. The fisher lads who put these moth-eaten trappings on little realised the romance that attached to each brass button and each inch of cloth.

The Budmouth Regis of the present day differs, no doubt, materially from the watering-place at which George III. disported himself to the wonder, astonishment and admiration of the countryside round about, but the outlying villages of Overcombe (Upwey and Sutton), King's-bere (Bere-Regis), Oxwell (Poxwell) are now very much what they were then, and have altered quite unappreciably since fair Anne Garland threw down her work on that fine summer morning to watch the soldiers assembling on top of the down above Overcombe Mill.

Indeed, after reading the story on the spot one can realise to the full the consternation of the villagers lest these unlooked-for soldiers should indicate that Bonaparte had outwitted the fleet cruising in the Channel, and had attacked timorous Budmouth on the flank. The stolid villagers, who regard one's efforts with a camera as a not unamiable idiosyncrasy, make one feel instinctively that they would act in just the same wonder-struck, wide-open-mouthed way were such an event possible at the present time—just, in fact, as they did in the pages of this novel. Overcombe Mill still grinds (like those of the gods) slowly if exceeding small; and the miller, if not a Loveday by descent, might well pass for one. The "Lookout," to which several of the characters in the story made anxious pil-

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grimage, in search of signs of the French invaders, is still known as such locally, and the troublous times which gave rise to such things are permanently recorded by the name of Kimmeridge Lookout, a few miles farther down the coast.

A succession of the least humorous and successful scenes in the story are those in Chapter XII., in which is recorded, "How everybody, great and small, climbed to the top of the Downs." We are told that it was on "a clear day, with little wind stirring, and the view from the downs, one of the most extensive in the county, was unclouded. The eye of any observer who cared for such things swept over the wave-washed town, and the bay beyond, and the isle, with its pebble bank, lying on the sea to the left of these, like a great, crouching animal tethered to the mainland." It is a scene like this which, happily, in many instances, yet remains immutable in Wessex. The isle "crouches" to-day (see page 333) as it did then; "the wave-washed town" still preserves much of its early-in-the-century air, and when once away on the sloping uplands to the north-east, out of earshot of fashionable talk and the sight of present-day toilettes and the ubiquitous bicycle, one can well imagine that the soldiers of the German legion and York Hussars in "white buckskin pantaloons, three-quarter boots, scarlet shakos set off with lace, mustachios waxed to a needle point, and, above all, those richly ornamented blue jackets mantled with the historic pelisse" are still patrolling the street of the distant town, or guarding the matutinal bathing of his Majesty King George the Third.

"At twelve o'clock," we are told in the story, "the review was over, and the King and his family left the hill. The troops then cleared off the field, the spectators followed, and by one o'clock the downs were again bare," as they appear in our picture. Only different in that the white horse and rider, one of the several cut in the chalk downs and uplands of England, and now an object of curiosity to tourists and visitors to Budmouth, and a landmark for those who go down to the sea in ships, were not there.

The harbour, too, has scarcely altered since sailor Bob Loveday on the morning of September the third, long ago, after his renunciation of the girl he loved in favour of soldier John, returned from the barracks to Budmouth, "passed on to the harbour, where he remained awhile, looking at the busy scene of loading and unloading craft and swabbing the decks of yachts; at the boats and barges rubbing against the quay wall, and at the houses of the merchants, some ancient structures of solid

"THE RIVER SLID ALONG NOISELESSLY AS A SHADE, THE SWELLING REEDS AND SEDGE FORMING A FLEXIBLE PALISADE ALONG ITS MOIST BANK."

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GREENHILL FAIR.

stone, some green-shuttered with heavy wooden bow-windows, which appeared as if about to drop into the harbour by their own weight." The only difference is the presence of steam, which has, doubtless, driven some of the barges away. But the houses, the quay, the stores and the old stone bridge are still there, as in Loveday's time.

The Isle of Portland—no true island now or then, but a peninsula—has altered even less. Anne Garland might still set out, as it is related of her on page 313 of *The Trumpet Major,* from Overcombe by carrier, and after finishing her shopping in Budmouth itself, cross the ancient bridge, and take her way to Portland through the old town along the coast road. To-day she would be, as then, confronted, before reaching the base of Portland Hill, by the steep incline, dotted with houses, raised tier upon tier, so that the doorstep of one man is sometimes almost on a level with the chimney of his neighbour immediately below.

From the bare promontory of the "Bill" she would look upon the same prospect as when she watched Nelson and Hardy's *Victory,* with Bob Loveday aboard her, and the *Euryalus* frigate, in her wake, sail clean out of sight down the Channel. This desolate isle, with the wonderful pebble beach linking it to the mainland and stretching for ten miles in an unbroken curve toward Bridport to the west, and encircling the famous West Bay, is much the same as when Anne Garland, watching the last topmast of the *Victory* sink below the distant horizon, murmured, without removing her wet eyes from the vacant and solemn horizon, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ——," and turned, at the sound of another voice completing the verse, to find the vanished Bob Loveday's brother John at her elbow.

In *Far from the Madding Crowd* Thomas Hardy has written a story almost exclusively of the farm. And it is no small tribute to his genius that he can enlist his readers' sympathies so completely in this every-day life, which is bounded, one might with tolerable accuracy say, by the lambing season in the spring and the getting in of root crops in the autumn. The contrasts of character in the book are sharper than in several of the Wessex novels. A more clean-cut divergence than that afforded

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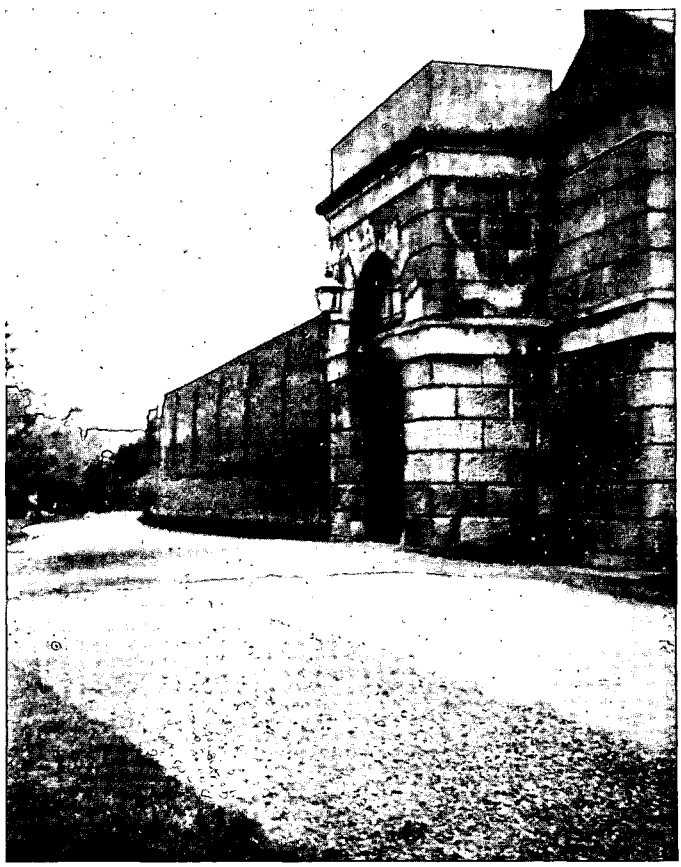
by the vicious adventurer, Serjeant Troy, and the unselfish, plodding, dog-faithful Gabriel Oak, the shepherd, it would not be easy to imagine—the one with his cheap gallantry and echo of town ways, his power over women with whom he came in contact by both physical and mental means (as an example of the former there is the wonderful sword-play bewitchment of Bathsheba in the ferny hollow, when he severs a lock of hair from her head, and of the latter his veneer of education and flattering talk); the other with his stolid ways and country-side sympathies. And the same applies to the women characters also. Fanny Robin, the dazzled and deceived, serving as a foil to the trustful, ignorant Bathsheba equally dazzled, but at first cautious. Though tragedy and comedy jostle each other in the pages of the novel, the tragic consequences of Serjeant Troy's amours being in a measure set off by the excellent rustics and their delicious, humorous talk, it is the tragic note which predominates. For the fate of Fanny is not less insistent than the pen of the artist would have it, and the marriage of the long-suffering Gabriel Oak with Bathsheba in the last few pages does not succeed in effacing from the memory the tragic doing to death of Troy by Boldwood in the hall of his own house.



"THE GATEWAY OF THE JAIL IS MUCH THE SAME AS EVER."

The scene of the story is circumscribed, as in so many of Thomas Hardy's books. It centres in Weatherbury (a village just outside Casterbridge), and within a radius of a few miles of this Wessex hamlet the whole action of the tale takes place.

Many of the descriptions of rural life are charming, and conjure up as accurate an idea of the *locale* as would be afforded by an etching. One of the most important rural scenes in the book—the sheep-washing—affords an instance of this. It is a good example of the care and accuracy with which the novelist literally builds up his descriptions of even unimportant places. The true artistic economy of words is evident in every phrase. Boldwood, Shepherd Oak, Jan Coggan and the other farm-hands were there, and Bathsheba was looking on. "The river," we are told, "slid along noiselessly as a shade, the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade along its moist bank. To the north of the mead were trees. . . ." Though this might serve as a general description of numberless Wessex meads, and the streams running silently through them, yet a distinct vision of this particular mead on Bathsheba's farm is brought before the reader's eyes.

Nowhere, probably, do fairs survive with more pertinacity in the South and

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Southwest of England than in Dorset. And if one may believe the word of the country folk, who have attended them from days of childhood to those of hoary old age, the surviving fairs differ little or not at all from those of five decades or more ago. Ever on the alert to make use of existing circumstances in his novels indicative of the placidity of life, disturbed only occasionally by such things, it is little to be wondered at that Thomas Hardy should have fixed upon one of the most noted of these gatherings for description. Greenhill (Woodbury Hill) Fair, held in September, is known throughout the countryside. To it come shepherds with their flocks of South Downs, Leicesters, old West of England horned breeds, and even Exmoors, with parti-coloured faces and legs. The fair is held on the summit of a hill standing about half a mile outside Kingsbere (Bere Regis), in the church of which are laid the bones of Tess of the D'Urbervilles' ancestors. Antiquarians are of the opinion that the hill, up whose crumbling sides the two main roads leading to the top wind, is the site of an ancient British encampment; for at the summit there is a huge rampart and entrenchment, oval in form, and within the confines of this the Fair takes place. There are a few hovels and cottages of a permanent character on the crest of Greenhill; but most of those who foregather for the fairing are content to be under canvas or in the gypsy caravans which are still a leading feature. Down the centre of this temporary encampment, running almost north and south, the main street of the Fair is made, on either side of whch stand the booths and stalls—the abodes of thin men, fat women, two-headed calves, ginger-bread and cheap, gaily coloured china ornaments, with which shooting-galleries, "cokernut shies" and nine-pins contest popularity.

The old drovers, commoner ten years ago than now throughout Wessex, are another survival of Greenhill. Early in the morning of the first day of the Fair we are told that "nebulous clouds of dust (are) to be seen floating between the pairs of hedges in all directions. These gradually converged upon the base of the hill, and the flocks became individually visible, climbing the serpentine way which led to the top. Thus, in slow procession, they entered the openings to which the roads wended."

This is as true of the Greenhill of to-day as of the Fair a quarter of a century ago, when Thomas Hardy wrote the novel. Even the circus, which plays so important a part in Troy's reappearance and in his wife Bathsheba's subsequent history, was there last autumn, and was almost exactly like its prototype of the story, and one could almost imagine that Troy was giving his sensational performance of Dick Turpin inside. Now, as then, everybody for miles round goes to Greenhill, the gentry and better-class farmers patronising the first day, and the second day being more or less given over to the labourers, their wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters.

From the time of Greenhill Fair and Troy's reappearance the story moves with rapidity to its close. The jail, in which Boldwood, the farmer, one of Bathsheba's most pertinacious visitors, was confined, waiting under sentence of death for execution, has since that time been pulled down and rebuilt after more modern ideas, but the gateway is much the same as ever. And it is easy enough to enter into Gabriel Oak's feelings as he turned to look back (after saying good-bye to the condemned man, who was also his rival) at the jail, and saw "the upper part of the entrance . . . and some moving figures"—these last lifting into position the post of the gibbet to be used on the morrow.

One cannot help feeling that the true end of the story comes with the scene at midnight on the Casterbridge road, when Laban brought to Oak, Coggan and the rest of the waiting villagers, who had walked toward Casterbridge from Weatherbury to meet him, the news of the murderer's reprieve. The conventional ending, with "the most private, secret, plainest wedding that it is possible to have" comes, indeed, almost as a dangerous anti-climax.

(To be continued.)

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HENRY TIMROD*

LONGFELLOW, twenty years ago, referring to the city of Charleston, South Carolina, said, with gentle emphasis: "To have been the birthplace of Henry Timrod is a distinct honour. The day will surely come when his poems will have a place in every home of culture in our country."

Timrod passed away in 1867, while the smoke of the Civil War was yet lingering over the land and clouding, perhaps, more or less, even that critical vision which ought to be always exempt from the obscuring influences of epoch or circumstance. In 1873, however, a hasty edition of his works was brought out and sold off in a few weeks, and a second impression during the same year went easily into circulation. Then the copyright became entangled with others, in the failure of the publishers, and in the last twenty-five years only second-hand copies of these highly beautiful poems have been obtainable; in some cases at "fancy" prices. Thus it has happened that a new generation of readers has grown up to whom the name of Timrod smacks of novelty.

But his poems have not failed to hold their place in the regard of competent critics of poetic form, as well as in some hearts that, regardless of form to a considerable extent, are yet responsive to poetic sentiment or "the fervour of the lyre."

That early edition, now *rarus libellus*, was felt by Timrod's friends and admirers, especially by cultivated Carolinians, to be intolerably incomplete, and for years they have cherished a hope of publishing their poet to the world in appropriate form and fulness.

They have, at last, found fruition of this hope and made it a reality in a rather novel and noticeable way. Through the initiative of Captain William A. Courtenay, a former mayor of Charleston, to whom no small meed of honour is due for the deed, a "Timrod Memorial Association," composed of several of South Carolina's most noted scholars and gentlemen, has been regularly chartered by the Secretary of State for the purposes of restoring these exquisite poems to general circulation and applying the proceeds from their sale to the building of a worthy monument to that true poet whose bones have lain unmarked for so many years in the little, ruinous cemetery at Columbia, South Carolina.

This new and complete edition of Timrod's work, with a satisfactory memoir and embellished with a fine portrait of the poet, now published for the first time, made from the oil painting in the possession of Captain Courtenay of "Innisfallen," is brought out with the imprint of the well-known publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Of the handsome way in which these publishers have done their share of the work there is no need to speak. The reading public has long learned to count confidently on the excellence of mechanical appearance and general artistic aptness of any work bearing their imprint. Let us hasten, therefore, to a consideration of the poems themselves.

HENRY TIMROD.

From a daguerrotype in the possession of T. C. Caskin, Esq., New York, considered by his friends to be the best likeness of the poet.

The first thing that impresses a student of Timrod's work is its quiet possession of the absolute and abiding charm of spontaneity. This man sang because he

*Poems by Henry Timrod. New Memorial Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

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had to sing. One never feels that he selected his themes; that he ever said to himself: "Here's a good subject to festoon with rhymes"; but, on the contrary, the things came to him, craving expression—and found it.

But they found it through the medium of a style that was exquisite—extraordinary, indeed, in its ease and in its restraint. There is no strain in these clear strains, and an absence of affectation characterises all his phrasings, as his moods. He is quite content to produce his effects without the use of odd or intricate measures or the employment of archaic and unusual words. There is no gypsy glitter of literary tinsel, but the calm, steady shine of a sincere art-sense, which, always amorous of a noble simplicity, often is rewarded—and rewards the reader—with tender touches, ideal caresses, of that *curiosa felicitas* of phrase which makes, to such large extent, for vital, perdurable power.

Undoubtedly, as Walter Raleigh so ably maintains, much pseudo-critical stuff has been written, since Flaubert announced his own canons, concerning "the inevitable word." It is a phrase caught up, like many others, by many a criticaster who wishes to puff a friend's book for the sake of the return puff in due season; but one can hold with Raleigh that there may be often more than one word or one way of saying a thing rightly and brightly, so that it stands like a star before the vision, and can also equally hold that in certain sentences the supreme luminousness or profound suggestiveness of a word, or words, is an absolute fact of art, just as unescapable as it is often elusive of last analysis.

Timrod gives frequent evidence of this quality, and this, in some of his poems, coupled and blent with a similar curious felicity in the tonic structure of his verse, the happy handling of vowel sounds and pauses, results in lulling a listener who has naturally "well-tuned ears" into that peculiarly dreamy, ethereal condition which Poe, in his consideration of Tennyson, celebrates as the true voluptuousness of poetry.

English readers of THE BOOKMAN will be especially interested in knowing that the poet's wife was an English woman, is still living and now resident in New York. Some lines from the original dedication to her will illustrate the grace of easy diction always present in the poet's work:

I feel as now with reverence meet
I lay this volume at your feet
As if through your dear self I pay
(For many a deep and deathless lay,
For noble lessons, nobly taught,
For tears, for laughter and for thought)
A portion of the mighty debt
We owe to Shakespeare's England yet.

And with what charming ease he climbs, in his gentle chant of this woman's virtues and graces, to high, yet thoroughly natural, climax in these lines:

All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path, when she is nigh:
The blackbird from a neighbouring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn;
And in a thick, melodious rain
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only, when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice,
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!

The second line from the last of this delicate tribute is clearly a classic reminiscence in meaning, and is well-nigh as luscious with liquids as its prototype in Vergil's First Eclogue: "Formosam *resonare* doces Amaryllida *silvas*"; but, if deemed an imitation rather than a recoinage, it must still be called "well-stolen." Few, very few, traces of the influences of other poets appear in the mass of Timrod's work. That he had absorbed the finest aromas of Tennyson's carefully weeded garden one may not doubt; but his own growths have their own beauty, their own perfume; and in his war-songs there is a fervour, a fire, which is lacking in the martial measures of the stately master-craftsman. The Civil War, being well over, even in the councils of Republican statesmen, one can easily afford to quote some of Timrod's misplaced state-patriotism in verse and to express profound admiration for the splendour of its passion that now stands like "flame transformed to marble" in such a truly Great Ode as that to the Mother-State of Secession.

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

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And now it deepens. Slowly grand,
It swells—as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! Let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns—
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

From thy dead breast by foemen trod
No helpless child shall cry to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

Viewed from Art's high and holy neutral ground, with all partisan feeling held in just abeyance, may not such utterance be pronounced unsurpassed for intensity in modern martial literature? It is picture-writing, too. One sees as well as hears those groping waves, like struggling bodies in the grey cerements of the grave, and the long o sounds, with the l's and r's in the second stave, enrich the tone-colour of the moving picture, as with multitudinous roar the ocean rolls up in visible image of the festal guns and the fierce men behind them. And what a still mightier picture is contained in the superlative defiance of that final line! The poem, as a pure art work, should have stopped there. Anything more, however good, were superfluous. In another poem of similar feeling what a drum-call is this!

Come, with the weapons at your call,
With musket, pike or knife!
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.

Touches of didacticism appear here and there in Timrod's verse; but rarely to its hurt. In the "Two Portraits," a delicately playful handling of Wifehood versus Maidenhood, there are many lines of this kind which remind of Whittier—and Whittier, by the bye, was a very warm admirer of Timrod's work, be it said to the credit of the stern Quaker's catholicity of taste!

There is no mawkish sentimentality, no whine in the varied voice of this brave singer of the brave and sentimental southland; but there are undercurrent notes of pathos—a noble, dignified pathos that contemplates with philosophic calm personal and general disaster.

But ah! through cares alone we reach
The happiness that mocketh speech;
In the white courts beyond the stars
The noblest brows are seamed with scars.

The domestic affection in whose pure ether Timrod moved and had his being seems to have received as a whole but vague expression in his poetry. Some men feel this too sacred a thing for distillation into concrete moulds of art; but as an accompaniment, undertoning all his music, one can hear it without much listening effort.

His poetry in the main may be felt pathetic, if we read his life into it; but his darkness is not like Byron's, blackness and lightning; not like Poe's, polar night; not like Shelley's, full of storm and stars, world-pain transfused with personal ache and rapture. It is rather a quiet dusk, through the which—

At times, a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling, as when eager crowds await
Before some palace-gate
Some wondrous pageant.—

For Timrod, though dwelling in the shadow of consumption, was healthily in love with life. Poverty, pain, lack of general appreciation, did not cloud, did not even dim, his high spirit. He died beautifully like a Greek philosopher and poet, with a Christian's faith, receiving the sacrament. That he lived beautifully his poems avouch. The range of their feeling is wide, though the range of his art is not. But within its compass that art is close to perfection, and entitles him to rank among the true singers of his country and the world. His fame, after this new edition has gone forth, will not be confined to the South or to the charmed small circle of the professionally critical. The memorial which his Carolinian lovers shall raise to him will not be a local shrine, but a national monument to a man of true genius, whose just recognition, tardily arriving, arrives to remain.

Henry Austin.

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A NEW WRITER WHO COUNTS.*

AMID the mass of vapid novels, ephemeral romances, and all the poor, thin, tawdry, slipshod writing that comes pouring from innumerable presses all over the country to discourage and disgust the student of contemporary literature, it is now and then vouchsafed, even to the most blasé of book reviewers, to find here and there something that reveals the stamp of true distinction and the form of serious art. We could count upon the fingers of one hand the books of the past year that any one would ever think of reading a second time or of referring to hereafter, and one of these rare exceptions to the general rule of mediocrity and dulness we have found in a volume of eight short stories by Mrs. Edith Wharton. Some of these stories had already appeared in the pages of a magazine where, apparently, they attracted no very marked attention, but the whole eight, with one exception, deserve in their collected form the most respectful consideration.

At the very outset it is necessary to set forth the undoubted fact that Mrs. Wharton, both in her choice of themes and in her treatment of them, has been influenced by the example of Mr. Henry James. At times one comes upon resemblances that are positively startling. Yet this is said in a purely scientific spirit and with no intention whatsoever of regarding Mrs. Wharton as an imitator. The novels of Mr. James are to be divided into two distinct groups. In the first group will be found to lie his finer work, which reached its perfect evolution in those stories that have to do with what may be called international or cosmopolitan society. Of these novels we think that the greatest is *The American,* both because it combines all of Mr. James's delicate psychology with a really informing picture of a portion of society in France from which the casual foreigner is inexorably barred, and because it sounds a deeper and a truer note of passion than does any other book that he has written. Of late years, however, Mr. James has ceased to set before us the delicious bits of social contrast that made him quite unique, and has become an English writer pure and simple. There is not perceptible as yet any serious waning of his powers; and, indeed, his latest book, *The Two Magics,* contains one story that must be reckoned among the most remarkable of all the studies that he has ever made. Yet his themes have changed and with them his manner also. We said that he had become an English writer, but it would be more true to limit such a description of him still further, so as to view him simply as a literary Londoner, and as a Londoner who has narrowed his observation largely to the life and manners of a single set; for in his later books we cannot even in imagination wander far away from Hyde Park and the Row, from the men in frock coats with gardenias, and from the women whom they lightly love. We are always walking with Mr. James on Bond Street and Piccadilly, and there is a rather meretricious suggestion of the Burlington Arcade about some of the newest of his novels. Mr. James, indeed, has suffered just the least perceptible deterioration as a moralist, in that he is becoming somewhat overfond of narrating in his interminable hinting way the disagreeable complications that arise perennially in the set which now appears to have become his special microcosm. This is all very well in itself; and no one can skirt the edges of a scandal more discreetly than can Mr. James; yet we sometimes feel that we could breathe a little more freely, and, in fact, could read his books with just a little more spontaneous pleasure, did he give us now and then a breath of the frosty, bracing air that blows, for instance, through the pages of *The Europeans.*

Now, it is obviously the later Henry James who has most deeply influenced the writer of *The Greater Inclination,* yet we cannot say that she has imitated him, because to our mind her stories, with the exception already noted, are superior in many ways to those of Mr. James's. She has caught his later manner, but she has improved upon his later workmanship,

*The Greater Inclination. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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and, therefore, she deserves a wholly independent criticism.

Of the stories in this book, three have to do exclusively with the sex-relation, and these are the strongest of the eight. One of the others, entitled "A Journey," is a study in nervous tension. Another, called "A Cup of Cold Water," is a powerful bit of emotional psychology. The last one in the book, "The Portrait," is slight in its workmanship, but ingenious in its theme. The fifth story, "A Coward," is the one failure to be noted, since it lacks in some inexplicable way the sort of constructive coherence that ought to bind together the parts of even the very slightest work of fiction; for while a reader as a rule finds pleasure in the unexpected, the unexpected when once revealed ought to be quite in consonance with what has led up to it; and in "The Coward" this is not the case.

Mrs. Wharton's most amusing piece of work, as it is the one most strongly suggestive of Mr. James's lighter manner, is that which is called "The Pelican." It is a perfectly delicious study of the typical "lady lecturer," and is full of pure delight from the beginning to the end. "The Pelican" is one Mrs. Amyot, whose mother was the famous Irene Astarte Pratt, the author of a poem on the Fall of Man, and called by N. P. Willis "the female Milton of America." One of Mrs. Amyot's aunts had translated Euripides, and another was the dean of a girl's college. Mrs. Amyot herself was very pretty, with features that were suggestive of "a cameo brooch divinity, humanised by a dimple." She had no sense of humour, and being obliged to make a living, she took to the popular exposition of Greek art and other things, and to acquiring a reputation for being "intellectual."

"The first time I saw her she was standing by the piano against a flippant background of Dresden china and photographs, telling a roomful of women, preoccupied with their spring bonnets, all she thought she knew about Greek art." Her lectures were crowded, to the embarrassment of "a pale usher with an educated mispronunciation." When she lectured "she had an air of assuming that for her purpose the bull's-eye was everywhere, so that there was no need to be flustered in taking aim. . . . To the invaluable knack of not disturbing the association of ideas in her audience, she had the gift of what may be called a confidential manner, so that her fluent generalisations had the flavour of personal experience, of views sympathetically exchanged with her audience on the best way of knitting children's socks or of putting up preserves for the winter. . . . . Mrs. Amyot's art was simply an extension of coquetry; she flirted with her audience." Her auditors had no particular understanding of the subject of her discourse, but "it was a part of the whole duty of woman to be seen at her lectures;" for "she evidently represented a social obligation, like going to church, rather than any more personal interest." She had reams of testimonials from all sorts of persons, and the writer of the story says, "My only hope was that Mrs. Amyot might find one who would marry her in the defence of his convictions." Altogether the sketch is beautifully true to life and is spiced with continual epigram, while the story as a whole ends with a touch of the pathetic.

The longest, the strongest, and the most striking study in the book is that which tells of a couple who are travelling through Italy under circumstances that give a curious interest to the narrative of what befalls them. The man, one Gannett, is a popular novelist; his companion, Lydia, is a woman who has left her husband to make a new life for herself with Gannett. At the beginning of the story they are in a railway carriage alone together, and she has just received a copy of the decree which makes it possible for her to marry her companion. Both of them are uneasily conscious of a certain strangeness that has sprung up between them with the existence of this possibility. Gannett, with the natural instinct of a gentleman, at once falls to planning an immediate marriage; but through Lydia's mind run many thoughts, thoughts that she had had before, insistent, morbid thoughts.

> She knew what would be said—she had heard it so often of others! The recollection bathed her in misery. The men would probably back Gannett to do "the decent thing"; but the ladies' eyebrows would emphasise the worthlessness of such enforced fidelity, and, after all, they would be right. She had put herself in a posi-

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tion where Gannett "owed" her something; where as a gentleman he was bound to "stand the damage." The idea of accepting such compensation had never crossed her mind; the so-called rehabilitation of such a marriage had always seemed to her the only real disgrace. What she dreaded was the necessity of having to explain herself; of having to combat his arguments, of calculating in spite of herself the exact measure of insistence with which he pressed them. She knew not whether she most shrank from his insisting too much or too little. In such a case the nicest sense of proportion might be at fault, and how easy to fall into the error of taking her resistance for a test of his sincerity! Whatever way she turned, an ironical implication confronted her. . . . Beneath all these preoccupations lurked the dread of what he was thinking. Her sensitiveness on this point was aggravated by another fear, as yet barely on the level of consciousness, the fear of unwillingly involving Gannett in the trammels of her dependence. To look upon him as an instrument of her liberation, to resist in herself the least tendency to a wifely taking possession of his future, had seemed to Lydia the only way of maintaining the dignity of their relation. . . . What was needful was the courage to recognise the moment when by some word or look their voluntary fellowship should be transformed into a bondage, the more wearing that it was based on none of those common obligations which make the most imperfect marriage in some sort a centre of gravity.

These thoughts come out in their conversation, which is fascinating in its play of motive and intense feeling. But it ends by the abrupt refusal of Lydia even to think of marriage, a decision which, man-like, he failed to understand.

They had reached that memorable point in their heart history when for the first time the man seems obtuse and the woman irrational. It was the abundance of his intentions that consoled her for what they lacked in quality. After all, it would have been worse, incalculably worse, to have detected any over-readiness to understand her.

So far we have followed this narrative, the first part of which ends where we have left it. As to what ensues, we must refer the reader to the story itself. Taken as a whole, it is a most penetrating and almost painfully absorbing study of motive, and perhaps what strikes us most is the very subtle way in which at the end it seems to suggest (at least, we have so understood it) that there has begun to fall upon Gannett's mind the least shadow of distaste for the union that he had so long been vehemently urging.

In the way of fiction we have seen nothing this year that has impressed us so much as Mrs. Wharton's book. There is a finish, an assurance, and a tenacity of grasp about her work that show her to be already an accomplished literary artist; while, as we have said before, Mr. James himself has nothing to teach her in those half-elusive but exquisitely effective strokes that reveal in an instant a whole mental attitude or the hidden meaning of a profound emotion.

Harry Thurston Peck.

SONG

I said to my love I would prove her my love,
I would travel o'er land and o'er sea,
I would find out the secrets of stars for my love,
And she said, "Will you come back to me?"

I said to my love I would prove her my love,
I would go to the stars just for this,—
To prove all the love of my heart, and she said,
"How far will you come for a kiss?"

M. C. S.

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A HISTORY OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM*

IT has long been known among Yale men that Professor Beers is a literary essayist and historian of no common powers, but it is only recently that he has appeared before the general public in a work that gives any adequate or even tolerable idea of his gifts and accomplishments. A year ago he was appreciated by a few. To-day he is a critic and scholar of international reputation. The announcement of an English reprint of his *History of Romanticism* has already been made by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, and it is not unlikely that French and German translations of the work will appear when its value is perceived by the Continental critics.

The writer's culture is admirably broad. He is thoroughly versed in all periods of English literature, including the Anglo-Saxon, broadly read in the French and German literatures, mediæval as well as modern, and considerably in the Italian. He has the old-fashioned solid background of Latin and Greek literature, an excellent training in philosophy, and an intelligent interest in intellectual subjects of innumerable kinds. He has also shown sufficient originality and power to win for himself a recognised place among writers of the short story. We need not be surprised to find that while he writes about Romanticism with the authority of a specialist, he is admirably free from that dulness of the specialist which prevents so much excellent scholarship from appealing to the people. For Professor Beers's book is one to be read, not one to be left dust-collecting on the shelves.

There is not space enough in the present review to discuss the details of Professor Beers's scholarship. Every book has its margin of error. In the present volume, for instance, I believe that justice is not done to the extent to which the eighteenth-century Romanticists imitated Shakespeare; but as the imitation of Shakespeare became a far more pronounced fashion in the nineteenth century, it is possible that Professor Beers will return to the subject in his companion volume, which will continue the history through a later period. On the other hand, it is possible to point out instances where the author's native good sense and caution in dealing with difficult and obscure points, have led him to more reliable statements than have come from more erudite writers before him. In the following sentences, for instance, Professor Beers suggests with scholarly discretion, and perhaps independently, a theory which was advocated so long ago as the forties with a zeal that approached Chauvinism by the great Danish ballad-collector, Svend Grundtvig:*

> Danish literature is especially rich in ballads and affords valuable illustrations of our native minstrelsy. It was, perhaps, due in part to the Danish settlements in Northumbria and to the large Scandinavian admixture in the Northumbrian blood and dialect, that "the north countrie" became *par excellence* the ballad land: Lowland Scotland—particularly the Lothians—and the English bordering counties, Northumberland, Westmoreland and Cumberland.

The finest product of scholarship is not mere accuracy; it is something far more deeply interfused. Scholarship is partly responsible, I think, for that remarkably soft light which Professor Beers throws over his subject, a light which seeks neither to dazzle nor to corruscate, but to reveal the subject to us with luminous fidelity. In the most imaginative parts of the book there is nothing that leads us astray from essential truth. Speaking of the fact that Chatterton's ancestors had been for a hundred and fifty years sextons to the Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Professor Beers continues:

> Perhaps it may be more than an idle fancy to attribute to heredity the bent which Chatterton's genius took spontaneously and almost from infancy; to guess that some mysterious ante-natal influence—"striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound"—may have set vibrating links of unconscious association running back through the centuries. Be this as

*A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. By Henry A. Beers. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

* See the Preface to his *Engelske og Skotske Folkeviser*, 1842-46.

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it may, Chatterton was the child of Redcliffe Church. St. Mary stood by his cradle and rocked it; and if he did not inherit with his blood or draw in with his mother's milk a veneration for her ancient pile, at least the waters of her baptismal font seemed to have signed him with the token of her service. Just as truly as "the Castle of Otranto" was sprung from Strawberry Hill, the Rowley poems were born of St. Mary's Church.

And the writer's metaphors are never merely decorative, but are always used to illustrate some idea. Could anything more delicately than the following tell us how Collins attained partly by effort and cultivation what was with Keats more a matter of birthright?

Collins, like Gray, was a Greek scholar, and had projected a history of the revival of letters. There is a classical quality in his verse —not classical in the eighteenth-century sense —but truly Hellenic; a union, as in Keats, of Attic form with romantic sensibility; though in Collins, more than in Keats, the warmth seems to come from without; the statue of a nymph flushed with sunrise.

The keen sense of the beautiful shown in the sentences above quoted is guarded by an equally keen sense of the absurd. Professor Beers does ample justice to whatever is good in the now-forgotten sentimental novels of Mrs. Radcliffe—particularly to their feeling for natural scenery; but what delicious fun he pokes at their foibles!

Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines are all descendants of Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe, but under more romantic circumstances. They are beset with a thousand difficulties; carried off by masked ruffians, immured in convents, held captive in robber castles, encompassed with horrors natural and supernatural, persecuted, threatened with murder and with rape. But though perpetually sighing, blushing, trembling, weeping, fainting, they have at bottom a kind of toughness that endures through all. They rebuke the wicked in stately language, full of noble sentiments and moral truths. They preserve the most delicate feelings of propriety under circumstances the most discouraging.

And a laughable illustration follows, somewhat too long for us to quote. As one of Professor Beers's distinguishing gifts we should mention the power of extracting from a book such incidents or ideas as constitute the pith and marrow of its attribute. He criticises with his eye on the book.

Professor Beers has happily grasped the broad significance of the Romantic movement, and shows throughout a delicate appreciation of its message to posterity; that is to say, of its protest against intellectual and spiritual narrowness, against inobservant dogmatism, against soullessness and against that academic precision which is so often the *rigor mortis* of literature. Yet we never find him astride of a hobby; and he does ample, though incidental, justice to Pope, who admired Spenser and occasionally essayed romantic themes, but is enduringly great only as a writer of social and moral satire: "We can go to Wordsworth for nature, to Byron for passion, and to a score of poets for both, but Pope remains unrivalled in his peculiar field. In other words, we value what is characteristic in the artist; the one thing which he does best, the precise thing which he can do and no one else can." And we also find Professor Beers taking sides with Dr. Johnson ("who prowled up and down in front of the temple of the British Muses like a sort of classical watch-dog") as against Lowell and Matthew Arnold, who valued the *Odes* of Gray above his *Elegy*. "There are noble lines," says Professor Beers, "in Gray's more elaborate odes, but they do make as a whole that mechanical, artificial impression of which Johnson complains. They have the same rhetorical ring, the worked-up fervour in place of genuine passion, which was noted in Collins's ode 'On the Passions'." In the *Elegy*, on the other hand, we have, indeed, "a poem of the moral-didactic order," but the moral is "suffused with emotion and expressed concretely. . . . We have the picture of the solitary poet, lingering among the graves at twilight *(hora datur quieti)*, till the place and the hour conspire to work their effect upon the mind and prepare it for the strain of meditation that follows. The universal appeal of its subject and the perfection of its style have made the *Elegy* known by heart to more readers than any other poem in the language."

Professor Beers takes as his central theme that side of Romanticism which is concerned with the revival of an inter-

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est in the Middle Ages. But in tracing the small beginnings of the movement he has wisely allowed himself greater latitude. He has excellent chapters on the Spenserian and Miltonic imitators, one on "The Landscape Poets" (which contains, by the way, a wonderfully good critique of Thomson's *Seasons*), and he takes great pains in discussing the nature and definitions of his subject, and in summarising the character of the Queen Anne classicism against which the Romanticists were in revolt. He distinguishes skilfully between the imitations of early literature, whether mediæval or Elizabethan, and the models that were imitated; and in doing so he shows himself a true critic and no pedant, by crediting the imitations with an originality of their own, and with the artistic superiority wherever such superiority exists.

The chapter on "Percy and the Ballads" is probably the best of those that deal with mediæval revivals.

Professor Beers has long been a lover of the old ballads, and has caught their spirit as perhaps no other American scholar ever has, excepting only the great ballad editor, the late Professor Child. It is ever to be regretted that the latter scholar has written us no critique of the ballads. Probably no man will ever again possess such high qualifications for the task, not only as to learning, but even more in truthfulness of natural literary instincts, sharpened by long familiarity with the subject. But, as Professor Child's needs no addition, we may gladly welcome this admirable essay from Professor Beers, and add that he has not only caught the spirit of the old ballads as perhaps no preceding essayist, but that his utterances concerning the origins of ballad literature are of the sanest, and that his discussion of the influence of the ballads on the eighteenth century is the most judicial that has been published.

The passages already extracted from the book give some idea of the remarkable felicity of its style. The wealth of the vocabulary and the great power of saying much in a few words indicate a writer who would rather be anything than thin. The style seems to combine something of the richness and irregularity of English pre-Drydenic prose with as much of the crispness of modern French criticism. And yet there is at least one fault to counterbalance these decided merits. Occasionally the compression of ideas squeezes the syntax too hard. There is more than one sentence in the book that will prove a bone in the throat of precision. No doubt these things accord, in a way, with the book's general protest against academicism, and the informal *air dégagé,* not primly conscious of the rectangularities of grammar, is not without a charm of its own. But sometimes this is carried too far. We hope that succeeding impressions of the volume will slough faults of this kind—it might easily be so—as they will undoubtedly slough the misprints, which are doubtless partly responsible for the delinquencies referred to.

The book is quite as full of that love of letters which is the soul of criticism as anything that has come from an American writer since Lowell. And it is believed, in some quarters, that Professor Beers has even finer things in reserve. In the volume concerning the nineteenth-century Romanticists the writer will tackle a subject of greater interest and importance. It is cordially to be hoped that he may rise to his opportunity. But already he has given us something that will be prized by lovers of literature for many a year. *Henry Barrett Hinckley.*

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THE EVOLUTION OF AN ARTIST

If the literary map published some months ago in THE BOOKMAN had been extended to include Africa, it would have shown us, in the southern portion of the peninsula, only two names that can be considered as identified with the country. These names belong to Olive Schreiner (Ralph Iron, her former pseudonym, has now been abandoned) and H. Rider Haggard.

There is some excuse, perhaps, for the curiosity of our day as to the minutiæ of an artist's life—his family and personal history, his manner of eating, sleeping and writing; since one seems, at least, in hearing of these things, always on the verge of something which shall throw a new light upon that essential hidden Self of the Artist which he has tried, more or less successfully, to express in his works. As a matter of fact, however, if the instinct which urges him to self-expression be associated with sufficient mental power to justify the title, it also supplies us with whatever external facts are necessary to the comprehension of the message, making further inquisitiveness needless, if not impertinent; so that to know, as certain of our own poets have said, that Mrs. Browning called her husband "Robert, and did not call him Bob," fails to render any material help toward the true and perfect understanding of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." He that hath ears to hear will hear; he that hath none will not be helped by biographical details.

This is more evidently true if the message of the Artist be simple and free from complexity; in the case of Mr. Rider Haggard we need very little beyond his own statement in a preface, that he went out to Africa as a lad of about seventeen. His books give us the picture of the land he found there, the rest is written between the lines.

Naturally, these lines are at first a trifle uncertain. A lad of seventeen sees facts and objects clearly, sharply, but crudely; he discerns the outward nature of things rather than their genesis and spiritual relations. And there is very much of the lad of seventeen in Mr. Haggard's earlier writing. His white is very white, indeed, and his black particularly sable. Vice, in his pages, is a monster of a mien that deserves a word of description, for it is the vice of the frontier, not of the centres of civilisation—rather vulgar, to tell the truth; the vice of a school-boy, rather than that of a Petronius. Take it for all in all, Mr. Haggard's colouring in such works as *Dawn* or *The Witch's Head* is hard and crude; judged by them alone, he would hardly be considered in estimating the artists in literature of our century.

The earliest production of his pen which attracted general attention from the literary world was *She,* a book which every one read at the time, and nobody has forgotten. And yet no one took it or its author very seriously. It was at once a little too impossible, and a little too horrible, in some of its details, to be carefully considered; the ceremony of "hot-potting," for example, was felt as a personal abrasion of our thin-skinned modern civilisation; it should have been relegated, we thought, to that world where schoolboys torture frogs and tie firecrackers to the tails of cats and dogs. And yet the central conception of the book, the whirling earth-fire, conferring immortal youth, is one of striking originality and power; it misses grandeur only because of that crudeness and boyish delight in supping full of horrors, which we have already pointed out. For one can never quite comprehend how a second bath in the earth-fire can possibly have had the precise effect described, nor is there any analogy either in earth or sky to help us in the matter. Presumption, it may have been, to claim the second immersion; want of faith it assuredly was not, since the purpose of "She" was simply to encourage her lover to the attainment of immortality. "She" was like a child, playing with the things that were her own; her punishment was not at all undeserved or inadequate, but it was very inappropriate; one cannot at all understand the machinery of it; it offends by over-grotesquerie; and the catastrophe—for all stories of immortal youth must end with a catastrophe—should have been otherwise managed. That it could

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have been brought about differently we see in *King Solomon's Mines,* where the monkey-like prototype of "She"—immortality, minus youth and beauty—is crushed beneath the stone that admits to the treasure chamber. This book has not half the originality of *She,* nor a third of its power; yet as a whole it is better proportioned, and decidedly less revolting.

It forms also a fitting introduction to another class of Mr. Haggard's writings; for his books may be said to fall into four classes or types, with some little overlapping. This class is particularly his own, since it relates to the history of Zululand, with which no other writer of importance in fiction has troubled himself; Kings Changa and Dingaan are as necessary to a complete history of the world, however, as Alfred the Great, or even George Washington; and the organisation of the Zulu "impi" should interest the student not much less than that of the Roman legion. Yet, regarded as fiction, one finds that these stories, of which we may take *Nada the Lily* as the type, leave something to be desired. Not very many of one's personal friends, it must be admitted, belong to a Zulu "impi," nevertheless, the author's Zulu warrior is far from convincing. We do not quite expect him to be the Afro-American with whom we are in daily contact (perhaps); yet we cannot help noticing that he is eminently unchildlike; yet, only a childlike people, with an infinite capacity for living in the passing moment alone, could or would have borne the irresponsible, ruthlessly bloody and cruel rule of a Changa. In fact, when in one book which should, perhaps, form a class of its own, *Eric Brighteyes,* Mr. Haggard draws for us the Scandinavian viking, we seem to perceive much such a transformation as that effected by Sihamba upon "Swallow" and the maiden of the Umpondwana; his viking is simply a Zulu painted white.

With the publication of *Jess* Mr. Haggard began to enter upon his best work, though some of his later writings revert to the older manner; but his latest novel, *Swallow,** is so immensely superior to everything else that he has ever done, that it seems to us to justify the title which we have given to this review. *Swallow,* indeed, is a veritable work of art, outranking *The Story of an African Farm,* in that it is more coherent and consecutive. Olive Schreiner is a true artist, but her characterisations are always more or less vaporous and cloudlike, whereas the personages of Mr. Haggard's latest creating are peculiarly realistic. The story is told by the mother of Suzanne, or "the Swallow"; and with remarkable skill this point of view is maintained throughout the story. Not once are we allowed to forget that these adventures befell the daughter of her who narrates them; never for a moment do we lose sight of the fact that this narrator is a Boer, the wife of a Boer farmer. Her faults, her loves, her prejudices, her mistakes, all are indicated as delicately, as subtly as the footnotes in *The Little Minister* draw for us the character of Dominie Ogilvy. Strange to say, the other persons of the story are much less sharply outlined, with the very remarkable exception of Sihamba, the Kaffir prophetess, who is decidedly her creator's masterpiece. The little woman, with the shock of hair standing upright and powdered blue, is a perfectly unique creation; her dreams, her second-sight, her mystic powers in general probably find precedents in plenty in African voodooism; in fact, one rather doubts whether they might not be paralleled from the records of the Society for Psychological Research. Swart Piet, the villain, is also very well done, and is a distinct advance even upon his prototype in *Jess;* though a very black villain, indeed, he is not without an occasional touch of humanity; and the power of the author is distinctly felt in making us experience a positive sympathy with his passion for the Swallow. The story itself is, it is almost needless to say, full of incident, yet without a single forced situation; finally it gives us a most valuable insight into the character of the African Boer, the history of the Transvaal and the causes of Boer hatred and distrust of the Uitlanders.

It would be to most masters in art an immense advantage if all their earlier writings could be summarily suppressed; Rudyard Kipling has, as we know, "hotpotted" some of his, and for many new aspirants the same office is daily performed by a syndicate composed of unsympathetic publishers and the kitchen stove. Rider Haggard has worked out

*Swallow. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

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his apprenticeship before the eyes of all men; and perhaps will be more or less handicapped henceforward, because of this; but we hope that having now attained the serene heights of pure art, he will continue to give us, in his future writings, stories of the Africa he knows so well; figures as sharply realistic as frontier life, but tinged with the magic and the mysticism, musical with the poetry and the melody, sad with the pathos and the tragedy of the Dark Continent. *Katharine Pearson Woods.*

EVANGELINE AND HER SISTER.

THERE is an interesting contradiction between Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Professor Roberts's recent novel, *A Sister to Evangeline*. The romance of Longfellow's heroine is responsible for most of the popular sentiment that attaches to the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755. While the poet did not specifically accuse the English of brutality, still the whole impression of his poem is most unfavourable to the English power.

The familiar poem pictures a community of beautiful simplicity and piety; the homes were abodes of contentment and virtue; the warmth of hospitality bordered on communism; Acadia, in the character of its people no less than in its bucolic glory, was an Arcadia. To force into far and scattered exile such a people as the Acadians are thus represented to be, seems to readers of the poem to have been an act of the most inexplicable and unpardonable cruelty.

It is well known that Longfellow took as much license as he pleased in his description of the Acadian country. Visitors to the land of Evangeline are annually disappointed in not finding the "forest primeval" and other physical characteristics of which the explicit verse seems like a guide-book. Although a day's sail would have carried the Cambridge poet to the apple-blossom region, he never took the trouble to see it with his own eyes. And in giving his impressions of the people and of their calamity, he showed no greater care in the pursuit of accuracy. His guide in the view he took of the subject was Judge Haliburton, of Halifax, an eminent Provincial writer, whose sentimental portrayal of the episode is well known. Perhaps the original source was the contemporary Abbé Raynal, who wrote in France a pathetic description of a people whom he had never visited. Consequently, the popular idea has naturally been that the New England soldiers of King George who conducted the expulsion obeyed monstrous and wanton orders.

A Sister to Evangeline gives a decidedly different impression. Its scholarly author evidently has no desire to start a discussion or aggressively to upset popular views. Yet, as an historian himself, and thoroughly familiar with the documentary history and in close harmony, it may be said, with Parkman's account of the expulsion, he presents in this new novel a picture whose truthfulness cannot be questioned. He throws around the simple folk of Acadia the charm of romance, and even introduces bits of glitter carried thither from the Court of Louis. But he likewise tells the straight story of the protracted patience of the British Government toward a people who, after nearly half a century of English protection, peace and liberty, still

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refused to take the oath of allegiance; a people who aided the Indians in harrying and massacring English settlers; a people whose priests had made them believe that allegiance to the heretic English king was like loyalty to the devil, and would bring them to perdition; a people whom the French Government supplied with arms and sought to use as a leverage to undermine English power in Nova Scotia.

Such an undermining of the English power in Nova Scotia at that time presaged the destruction of all our colonies. On the west of the sea-coast strip of English settlements was a chain of French ports full of French soldiers in allegiance with murderous Indians. On the north was Quebec and all the enginery of New France. If, in addition to these advantages, the French regained the mastery of Nova Scotia as a basis for sea power, they would hold the divided English colonies in a state of helpless siege. New England understood this perilous situation thoroughly, and perceived that her salvation must be wrought in Nova Scotia.

The partisan Acadians thus were a perpetual menace and danger. The fact that they had never thought for themselves and had implicitly obeyed the politics of their priests, while it was their excuse, in no wise lessened their troublesomeness. The English had treated them for many years with a generosity and leniency unparalleled in English history before or since. That this soft treatment was shrewd made it no less conspicuous or actual. The Acadians were the wards of the king, and while his subjects in the South were experiencing his negligence and rapacity, these French peasants lived in a Utopia of exemptions.

But they were impossible subjects. They were French. They were absolutely dominated by French intrigue—sometimes knowingly and sometimes ignorantly. They were thrifty farmers, but they were not citizens, and were a treacherous presence. Consequently, in the new war between France and England, it was a military necessity that this dangerous population, which had abused its long probation, should be disintegrated once and for all.

The sad business was conducted with an extraordinary humaneness. Far less gentle were the British in the American Revolution a few years later than in the vexing management of this depopulation. Testimony agrees that the simple peasants were handled by the soldiers with a paternal solicitude. They took with them their money and their household effects. Families were kept together, and even villages, as far as possible. The officers fully realised the grave thing they were doing, and behaved with extreme gentleness.

It must be conceded that the whole act has had no parallel in modern history, and, at first view, it looks like some of the wholesale captivities of primitive times. On the other hand, the question whether France would wipe out the divided English colonies altogether was at issue. The war was begun by the initial act of Colonel George Washington in shouldering back the sly French attempt to press through the Ohio Valley to the sea. Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, was no less vigilant and patriotic in demanding that the dangerous and rebellious Acadians, who were an entering wedge of French attack in the North, should be scattered if they refused any longer to swear allegiance.

It is natural that compassion for the pitiful exiles should colour judgment. But had they not been lifted out bodily, the history of our country might have been very different, and they brought their calamity on themselves.

Francis Bellamy.

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

V. GERHART HAUPTMANN'S "FÜHRMANN HENSCHEL"

IN his *Sunken Bell* Gerhart Hauptmann some three years ago gave expression to his own artistic longing for escape from the bitterness of life and from the darkness of naturalism.

I am the sun's forsaken, unprotected child,
Which longs for home; and helpless, wholly helpless,
A heap of woe, for her I wail, my mother,
Who stretches out her golden arms in longing,
Yet never reaches me!

From the realism of his *Florian Geyer* Hauptmann had turned with a kind of passion to the idealism of his *Sunken Bell*. But the vain striving of Henry in the latter drama would seem to have been prophetic of the vain effort Hauptmann made to shake off the fascination of brooding gloomily over the negation in the life of man. Somehow we feel in reading his latest production, *Führmann Henschel*, which during the winter has been played to crowded houses at the Deutsche Theatre in Berlin, and recently with Herr Sonnenthal in the title-rôle at the Irving Place Theatre in New York, that the surrender to the hopeless misery of life, which Hauptmann seems to make in this drama, was foreshadowed in the words of the old Wittichen in the last act of *The Sunken Bell*.

Weel, paist is paist, an' gane is gane;
Nae mair yeill win up tae yir former heicht.
A' hae nae doot; ye wes a saplin' straicht,
Strang, yet nae strang eneuch; yes ye wes callit,
An' yet, a' mind, ye wesna o' the chosen.

Like nearly all of Hauptmann's dramas, the *Führmann Henschel* is woven about events in the poet's own life. It is full of the echoes of his childhood days in Salzbrunn, where his father owned just such a summer hotel, or sanitarium, as is depicted in the drama, and, like Siebenhaar in the drama, was forced into liquidation. Even the poet's brother Charles, to whom in his student days he owed so much, and under whose kindly and sympathetic guidance the artistic bent of the youth was allowed to develop, appears in the little "Karlchen" of the drama. These and other subjective elements constitute not merely the background of the dramatic action, but are, as one is tempted to believe, transferred into the poetic idea itself, at least, they condition the sympathetic disclosing and portrayal of the soul-longing and soul-struggle of the lowly, simple Silesian teamster. It is important to bear this in mind, for with all its realistic, and even naturalistic, elements, *Führmann Henschel* stands, as a result, upon an entirely different basis than does the purely realistic drama, and approximates more closely to Hauptmann's *Lonely People* or his *Hännele*.

The action of the drama takes place in a Silesian village, the dialogue being for the most part conducted in the dialect. The plot in itself is simple enough. Teamster Henschel's wife has had a relapse after childbirth, and dies. With an intuition unnaturally acute, through sickness, she seems to divine in her last moments the scheming purpose of the maid Hanne and the fatal force that is only awaiting her death to control the actions of her husband. She makes him promise never to wed the girl, a promise he gives, as he has not been conscious of being attracted toward her.

With the death of his wife a gloom has settled over the teamster. He somehow feels that he is in the hands of a fateful power. Things go wrong in his business, and even small mishaps begin to assume undue proportions. Spring has come bright and fair. One day, as he returns from the grave of his wife, Hanne hypocritically announces to him that she cannot remain in his service, because her good name is suffering. Heretofore she has looked after the child and the domestic affairs intelligently, and seemingly with unselfish interest, and the teamster feels that her departure will be but another of the many blows that fate seems bound to deal him. Out at the grave he had sought in his simplicity enlightenment as to his business affairs. "I thought to myself," he says to Sieben-

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haar, "you will go out yonder again; perhaps she will send you some thought. Perhaps there you will come to some conclusion. Mother, said I, give me a sign! Yes or No? Whichever way it points I shall be content. Half an hour I stood waiting, prayed also, and put before her —in my thoughts, of course—everything—about the child and the inn, and that I knew not which way to turn, but she gave me no sign."

When he hears of Hanne's intention the last straw seems to break. He follows the advice of Siebenhaar, stifles the feeling that he is doing wrong, and determines to marry the girl. It is not love that decides this step, but the sense of his utter helplessness and a tense feeling of loneliness. The fact that Hanne has had a child does not trouble him: "Should she have waited for me? Why, she hadn't even heard of me. She's warm-blooded, and warm blood will out. When the pears are ripe they fall to the ground."

In the third act Hanne has attained her ambition. She is the wife of Henschel. But with that she has changed. Her husband is nothing to her, for she sees in him merely a means to rise to a position from which she can look down upon the hated villagers. She treats him with scorn and disdain, dismisses an old and trusted servant, allows the child of his former marriage to die of neglect, repudiates his kindness in adopting her own child, because the presence of the "brat," which she has heretofore neglected and kept at a distance, will hurt her position in the village; enters into an intrigue with a dandified waiter of one of the hotels, and in other ways makes her husband the object of ridicule and malicious gossip. Henschel, until his marriage with Hanne, sought out by all for his sturdy qualities, is now shunned, and a kind of hatred springs up in the village against him. He cannot understand the change, but plods on in a sort of dumb-animal fashion, feeling only that somewhere something is wrong, but unable—even though he might be willing—to account for it.

The catastrophe takes place in the fourth act. In the village tavern Henschel is confronted one day with the gossip that has been busy with his wife. Enraged, he seizes the accuser, and sends for his wife. All efforts to pacify him are in vain. "Proof! proof! or God have mercy on you!" And holding clutched the wrist of his adversary, he can only utter over and over again the fierce, stubborn words: "Hanne shall come!" And when she does come, and her actions convince him that the gossips were right, his head sinks upon the table, and, as if it were the last blow, long expected, he mutters: "'Tis well!" The final act is but the picturing of the mortal agony of a man in whom reason is utterly unable to grasp the logic of the situation, and despairingly gives way to the sense of a fearful fatalism in life. In constantly narrowing circles his thoughts turn about the one tense feeling of a wrong committed in the breaking of the promise given to his deceased wife. Her figure lies down with him at night, it rises with him in the morning, it is beside him indoors and outdoors, until, unable to endure the torture any longer, he puts an end to his life.

It will be seen that Hauptmann has undertaken a peculiar task. Apart from the naturalistic elements that constitute the setting of the play, apart from the humble station the characters of the drama occupy, one might say that he enlarges the sphere of the *bourgeois* tragedy. So far as we recall at this writing, there is only one tragedy in German literature that might be compared in its peculiar tendency with the *Führmann Henschel*. This is Friedrich Hebbel's *Mary Magdalene*. "To be a human being is enough to have a destiny, and under circumstances a fearfully tragic destiny." These words, said by Hebbel in justification of his own drama, apply equally well to Hauptmann's. In the so-called *bourgeois* tragedy it has been common to consider merely the outward relations of the characters, their humble position in life, and, until the problem was opened up by Hebbel, it was never attempted to portray a character restricted in its mental qualities in the same way as in its social conditions, and to find in this mental restriction the source of tragic fate. This is what Hauptmann attempts. There is not a trace of the dialectical element in the simple teamster; he stands facing existence without the ability to apply his reason to anything but the humdrum affairs of daily life. Once forced beyond the bounds of these, his reason struggles

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in vain to establish itself, and he is gradually led into a pessimistic fatalism, from which there is no escape. In the depicting of this struggle of the mentally (and not merely socially) humble human being with the great forces of life, lies the idealism of Hauptmann's *Führmann Henschel*. In this drama, also, Hauptmann cannot deny the inner relationship with Goethe, for it is in its last analysis the struggle of Faust transferred from the sphere of the aristocratic mind to that of the proletariat mind.

J. F. Coar.

TWO RECENT REVIVALS IN REALISM. *

THE passing of morbid realism has never been quite so complete as the healthy-minded hoped it would be, when it was swept out of sight five or six years ago by the sudden on-rush of works of ideality and romance, which arose like a fresh, sweet wind to clear the literary atmosphere. In this resistless new movement toward light and hope and peace, these black books were cast aside and forgotten, and there was fair hope for a time that the celebration of the painful and the unclean had passed from fiction forever.

But now, just as hope approached security, two novels appear, surpassing almost all examples of realism in modern story-writing, and rivalling the utmost efforts of the ancients in this peculiar respect. It is said that Aristophanes makes reserved mention of certain matters which one of these tales discusses with freedom; but the current novel reader's acquaintance with Aristophanes is too remote for that precedent to do much toward lessening this recent shock. It is also urged in extenuation of the other of these two extraordinary works, that Flaubert and Balzac made studies for publication along the same lines, but—to a good many normal minds—their having done so does not alter the fact that there is an appreciable difference between the artistic description of a subject in the dissecting room and the actual presentation of it face to face.

And this is what both these new realistic novels do in their somewhat different ways. Both are despairing utterances of the pain of the world, the tragedy of living. Both stories deal exclusively with hopeless conditions of mental, moral and physical disease; both are written with convincing brilliancy and power; both have enough bitter wit to deepen the unlifting gloom; both fail to offer a remedy for the horrors they drag the screen from.

Much alike on these points, the books are markedly unlike on others. For example, Mr. Norris has woven his story with a double thread, whereas Mrs. Dudeney's has but one. Mr. Norris now and then leaves the lead of his motive, going wholly outside and beyond it to touch the untouchable, without any apparent purpose or result—other than the repulsion of the reader. Mrs. Dudeney's work, on the contrary, is never coarse, notwithstanding the fearless direction with which she follows her theme. Mr. Norris's manner is hard and cold, making scarcely any appeal other than keen intellectual appreciation. Mrs. Dudeney, on the other hand, writes with sympathy

*McTeague. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.50.

The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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so complete, so tender, so exquisite as to justify—if any writing could—the telling of such untellable truths. There is sympathy, too, in her choice of subject, for the woman whose sufferings and sins are the motive of her work is a victim rather than a criminal, and worthy of respect throughout; while the female miser of Mr. Norris's story, who suffers and makes others suffer merely in order that she may save money, is a most ignoble figure from first to last.

And yet after pointing out all these differences and resemblances it would be hard to say which of the two books is more absorbingly interesting. *McTeague* seizes and holds in a vise-like grasp that is almost painful from the beginning to the end of the story of this monster of a dentist and his pretty, shallow, vulgar little wife, whose avarice wrecks their lives—for the love of money is the root of all evil in Mr. Norris's book. *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* holds quite as firmly, though less fiercely, and makes the heart ache hopelessly for the beautiful innocent young woman who has done no wrong, until the consequences of ancestral disease and corruption and crime crush her to the wall—for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children of the third generation in Mrs. Dudeney's book.

But, having so conceded the fine quality of the works, the strength and vitality of the stories, it becomes permissible to regret the misuse of such eminent power, to protest against the intrusion of the clinic into fiction, and to question the success of the books as fiction. To discuss these regrets and protests and questions in detail would be to thresh old straw, and yet recurrence to the old contention seems to be demanded by the unexpected revival of realism in its most unendurable form, which these two notable recent novels appear to foreshadow. *Nancy Huston Banks.*

FROM THE AGE OF GOLD.

Enthralled within the sculptured stone she slept,
Till one strange kiss some unknown barrier broke;
Then through the marble bosom warmed and crept
Life's wine—and lo! she woke.

Such was the legend, Dearest, once they dreamed,
Long, long ago, in their lost Age of Gold,
When wiser, sweeter, truer than they seemed,
The childish tales they told!

For was not I, who slept and knew it not,
Ah, was not I, who dreamed my whole life through,
When my dumb lips your saddened lips first sought,
Awakened thus by you?

Arthur J. Stringer.

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A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THERE is some slight disposition, perhaps, today to decry the kind of literary chatter for which I have so much affection. Staid critics there be who suggest that the only legitimate expression of opinion in newspapers concerning books should take the form of solid and learned articles. We do not want, it is urged, mere gossip concerning an author's personality; we want only to see treated in a strenuous way the particular book that he may have written. Curiously enough, these same sober critics limit their attitude to within fifty years of their own time. You may discuss Milton and his wives, Shakespeare and his friend, "W. H.," through unending columns, but a similar attitude toward George Eliot or Charles Dickens—to say nothing of contemporary writers—is counted frivolous.

This, of course, is a perfectly unreasonable position. We cannot thus escape from the absolute relation of an author to his work. And we cannot consistently praise Boswell and his chatty picture of Johnson and the circle that surrounded him, while at the same time we demur at a similar treatment by miniature Boswells of contemporary literary life. And this the more particularly because contemporary writers, with one exception, have taken singularly kindly to the Boswellian method.

The good that may arise from literary researches of the intimate type that I would fain justify is exemplified in the story of Leigh Hunt. A tradition has grown up around the memory of Leigh Hunt that has an enormous weight of authority derived from his contemporaries. He was, it is not denied, a man with many high ideals, essentially lovable, a good comrade; but there pretty well the praise is made to stop. It is qualified by the assertion of his shiftiness in money matters, his absolute unreliability where debts were in question, and, indeed, Dickens is supposed to have transfixed his weakness for all time in the creation of Harold Skimpole.

Now, this view of Leigh Hunt is to undergo a change, and there is promised at an early date a monograph which will place the once popular writer in an entirely new light. Documentary evidence will be forthcoming which will demonstrate effectively that so far from being the shiftless and reckless creature now so firmly established in the popular mind, Hunt was through all those years sacrificing himself in order to shield certain members of his family who wrote letters in his name and victimised him in a hundred ways. So far from it being possible for Leigh Hunt to have used all the money that he is reported to have borrowed, his total expenditure during these very years could have been covered easily by ten shillings a week. His diet was vegetarian, his life the simplest. This rehabilitation of Leigh Hunt will be welcome to many who, like Macaulay, "have a kindness" for the author of so many fine essays and more than one inspiriting poem.

It is suggested that Mr. Kipling will enormously increase the popularity of his writings through the interest excited on two continents by his serious illness. To a greater book circulation he possibly may attain, although the forty thousand copies of his last book that have been sold here, and the sixty thousand that have been sold in your country, is indeed prodigious. It may be doubted, however, if he can attain to a greater financial result as a serial writer, if it be true, as stated, that the proprietors of the *Windsor Magazine* paid £230 ($1150) a piece for the English rights alone of the Stalky stories. For prices of this kind there cannot possibly be more than two or three competitors, and these have in all probability reached the limit that they can afford to pay.

What effect have the reviews of books that appear in the newspapers upon their sale? That

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there are two sides to this question I have never doubted, but one tries not to minimise one's own efforts too much, therefore I prefer to keep a good face in presence of a publisher. I never meet any one of these gentlemen without adopting a most optimistic attitude—of course, also, a most conciliatory one. It is the publisher's business in life to provide me with gratis reading; and, of course, I am to give him an equivalent return. He sends me a copy of *The Cherokee Lovers,* and I write columns about it, at so much a column, here and there. Afterward I decorate my room with the volume—for I have always been of opinion with Swift that books make the best furniture—and then I await his next parcel. His reward is in the thousands of copies of the book which my admiring readers are certain to purchase.

I met a publisher the other day who did not dispute my position with regard to *The Cherokee Lovers.* "You men who write in newspapers," he admitted, "can sell rubbish, but I deny entirely that you have the slightest effect on the sale of a genuinely good book. If you promise not to mention my name," he added, "or the name of the book which I will take as an example, I will prime you up with all the facts. You admit the book is a good one, that its very title sounds interesting, that its author is a man of established reputation in a certain line of scholarship?" I admitted all these things, and awaited his letter. It has now reached me.

"I enclose you," said Mr. ——, "some of the more important press notices of the book to which I referred in conversation with you. I have numbered these reviews for convenience, as follows:

(1) *Daily Telegraph,* March 23, 1894.
(2) *Daily News,* March 23, 1894.
(3) *Standard,* March 26, 1894.
(4) *Spectator,* March 3, 1894.
(5) *Antiquary,* June, 1894.
(6) *Literary World,* June 8, 1894.
(7) *Manchester Guardian,* June 5, 1894.
(8) *Speaker,* August 11, 1894.

"Now, only the first volume was published in 1894, and I, therefore, kept an exact record of all the copies sold, so as to be able to supply Volume II. when ready. I can thus tell you exactly what the effect of these eight reviews, and of twenty-five others equally favourable, was upon the sale of this work. In consequence of prospectuses circulated before publication, I had secured in February, 1894, two hundred and seventy-five purchasers for Volume I. Up to date I have sold three hundred and forty-two copies, therefore, at the very utmost, sixty-seven copies only must have been sold in consequence of the reviews. But, as a matter of fact, thirty-three of these sixty-seven have only been sold within the last six months, in response to a circular sent out when Volume II. appeared, and of the remaining forty-four copies which might possibly be attributed to these reviews in 1894, fifteen were sales spread over the years 1895, 1896 and 1897, and can hardly, therefore, be attributed to the said reviews. Thus, twenty-nine possible copies are the effect produced by the combined readers of the *Standard, Daily Telegraph, Daily News, Manchester Guardian, Spectator,* and so on—say a public of two or three million people if you will."

Turning to the reviews which my correspondent encloses, I find that the *Spectator* describes the book in question as "the standard work on the subject." The *Daily News,* in a long article, apparently written by Mr. Andrew Lang, welcomes it in most laudatory terms. The *Daily Telegraph* declares that the book "teems with interesting matter," and the *Manchester Guardian* says "it is impossible to dip into the book without finding something amusing or curious." My publisher suggests that the writers of these articles were all well paid for them, but that the only people in a case of this kind to make no money are the publisher—who has invested £400 ($2000) in publishing—and the author—who gave several years of his life to writing the work.

There is nothing new or surprising to me in these revelations. My friend is a capable business man, but he does not quite know some of the methods by which it is possible to sell books. There was no reason whatever why the net result of fifty free newspaper copies of a book of a somewhat expansive character should have secured only a sale of twenty-nine other copies. Books are no longer sold by reviews in that sense—they are sold by the paragraph, if at all. They are sold further, by the introduction of the personal element—a not necessarily self-sought element. This finds expression at the dinner-table, and more than one publisher of novels is disposed to attribute greater potency to dinner-table conversation than to the newspaper in assisting him to sell his books. But this dinner-table conversation is largely inspired by the personal paragraph, and by certain side-lights on the book and its author that the newspaper affords. A paragraph announcing that a certain author does

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not intend to send her books for review is now quite as valuable as columns of reviews. Anything, in fact, which sets people talking is effective.

The fact is that the whole scheme of things has undergone a change in ten years—a change that some authors and some publishers are even now unconscious of. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, by a crusade against log-rolling, initiated some twelve years ago—by Mr. E. T. Cook, if I am not mistaken—destroyed much of the effectiveness of reviewing. From that moment there came into the public mind a great, and indeed, exaggerated, distrust of what was to be found in even the best newspapers concerning books. This distrust was exaggerated because, as a matter of fact, the bulk of the reviewing to-day is in no sense log-rolling. It is conscientious enough, as conscientious as work can be that is turned out very hurriedly and within a few hours of the publication of a book. Stodginess is its worst feature. On the whole, it is kindly.

The other day, for example, a book appeared by a well-known author, quite out of his usual vein, and unconscionably bad, as you, kind reader, would admit if you should happen to read it. I take up one daily paper, and find this book described as "charming." *Punch* says it is "a most delightful book." The *Saturday Review* asks for "more in the same key." The *Westminster Gazette* says it is "a wise, wholesome, sparkling little book." Now, although I contend that the book in question is very bad, I don't think that any of these writers were friends of the author, anxious to do him a turn. Most of them felt that it was easier to be good-natured, and, withal, pleasanter, all round. That is what much of our reviewing is coming to. What, however, must be the impression made on a reader of this kind of thing when he obtains the book from the library, and discovers that it is hopelessly unworthy of the author?

No doubt there is an increase of indiscriminate praise of books, due to the fact that literary life is becoming more social, and that reviewed and reviewer meet one another so much more frequently than hitherto. Much, also, may be attributed to the general deterioration in the reviewing art. Reviews are not now written to the same extent as formerly, I imagine, by our most skilful critics. The skilful critic finds greater readiness now in securing book-publication, and he will not, moreover, be hurried in the way that modern journalism demands. And so I am inclined to believe that, with the exception that now and again a vigorous appeal is made by a writer's friends on his behalf in some half-dozen papers, with the result that he secures a momentary triumph, most of our latter-day reviewing is sadly ineffective. I ought to confess, however, that I know many cases of a daily paper—and even more frequently of a weekly journal—where the publication of a single review has caused a great demand with all the London booksellers. There are probably four or five men among us to-day who wield that amount of power. Then, again, a very skilful presentation of the contents of a certain book will very naturally make a number of people desire to read it. Even when all this is admitted, I am still persuaded that these are the days of the paragraph, and that the reviewer's power is a declining one.

A new book by Mrs. Grand, the author of *The Heavenly Twins*, is well on the road. Two-thirds of it have been written, but no title has yet been fixed upon. As there is a character in the book nicknamed "Petticoats," that would surely make a striking title! The book will not be published until the autumn of 1900. Mrs. Grand has been writing her new story at the Grey House, Langton, near Tunbridge Wells, where she has given many uninterrupted months to its composition. In this she has had a very great advantage over her previous experience as an author, *The Beth Book* having been written under circumstances singularly unfortunate. Mrs. Grand, whom some people call Mme. Sarah Grand—whatever that conjunction may mean—wrote *The Beth Book* while moving about to various health resorts in the company of a sick relative, and thus she was not able to concentrate herself, as she could have wished, upon the production of that work. It is no secret that *The Beth Book*, although a most interesting novel and popular, as popularity goes, had not the success of *The Heavenly Twins*. Those who have seen portions of Mrs. Grand's new work, however, forecast for it an equal, or greater, success, than attached to her first novel.

Clement K. Shorter.

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LITERARY PARIS

THE literary lions of the month in Paris have been two foreigners. It looks, indeed, almost as though Paris was becoming again what it was in the eighteenth century, a home for the literary men and women of all countries. A few months ago Parisians listened to a brilliant lecture by the great Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro, on the coming great poet. He was followed by his countryman Giacosa, the dramatist, who spoke no less brilliantly on Italian actors; and now comes another Italian, my old friend Luigi Luzzatti, who, on taking his seat in the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, to which he was recently elected, treated his colleagues to a very sympathetic, appreciative and withal witty eulogy of his predecessor, whom he called *le grand Gladstone.* I doubt whether the great statesman was anywhere more nobly praised than he was under the dome of the Palais Mazarin. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's ears must have tingled while the brilliant Italian economist was grinding to dust his recently published strictures upon the apostle of Home Rule. Signor Luzzatti, though, did not claim perfection for the subject of his speech, and simply delighted his learned audience when explaining how Saint Gladstone, Saint Bismarck, Saint Thiers, Saint Cavour, were moral impossibilities. "Saints," he said, "often come from hovels; sometimes from royal palaces; never from Parliaments." I doubt whether any country in the world would think of disputing the last one of these statements.

The other guest of the Parisian public was a Spaniard, and a woman, Señora Emilia Pardo Bazan. She came for the special purpose of delivering a lecture on the subject of the present moral and mental condition of her country. She kept her audience spellbound by her eloquence, while laying bare with the most courageous patriotism the sore spots of her beloved fatherland. I do not know whether many among the hearers had read her masterpiece, *Los Pazos de Ulloa,* but everything she has to say may be now assured of a sympathetic reception by French readers. No greater compliment, moreover, can be paid to the French people by a foreigner than to speak their language with the faultless accuracy that distinguished her lecture from beginning to end.

Among French writers, the ones who came in for the most generous meed of praise were two dead men, one who died a few days ago, the other one two centuries since, both of them dramatic writers, Édouard Pailleron and Jean Racine.

Although Pailleron wrote a good deal during the sixty-four years of his life, he is likely to be remembered as the man of one play, *Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie.* As Henry Fouquier wrote the day after his death, before that play he had known success, through it he became acquainted with glory. In spite of the slender thread of its action, *Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie* will remain as one of the most sparkling plays of the century, and it will in addition always possess great interest for the historian of French society. Its performance was the lucky hour of Pailleron's career. Although no blame whatever could attach to him his play did not lack even the spicy element of scandal, which modern society enjoys with such relish. Got, who acted the part of Bellac, the literary coxcomb, had, whether intentionally or not, assumed the likeness of Professor Caro, of the Sorbonne, who was, indeed, guilty of catering a little too much to the feminine and society part of his audience. The professor winced, under what he considered implied criti-

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cism, and Got, after twenty performances or so, gave up the part.

This play reminds me of a bright saying of Professor Farlow, of Harvard. One of his colleagues, a Frenchman, contended that its title could have no adequate English translation. "What about 'Faculty meeting'?" Professor Farlow said.

Parisians now say that the wittiest thing Pailleron ever did, and he was *very* witty, was to die while Brunetière was Directeur of the Academy. It is a known fact that there was no love lost between the dramatist and the critic. The natural antagonism of their minds had been intensified, perhaps even embittered, by an incident in their career. Pailleron had married Charles Buloz's daughter, and had expected to succeed his father-in-law when the latter had to resign the editorship of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* and he never quite forgave Brunetière for walking into the editorial sanctum which he had considered his. Now, Brunetiére had to speak well of him, before his open grave, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum,* and will be obliged to eulogise him again, as, according to the rules of the Academy, he will have to deliver the answer to the reception speech of Pailleron's successor. No name is mentioned as yet for his seat. One thing, however, may be taken for granted. If his successor is a dramatist, it will be Paul Hervieu. When this article appears, Édouard Hervé's successor will have been chosen. It looks now as though the race was to be between Paul Deschanel, Émile Faguet and Réne Bazin, with the chances strongly in favour of the young President of the Chamber.

The bicentennial of Racine's death, which occurred on April 21, was brilliantly celebrated at the Théâtre Français, where Mademoiselle Barthet gave an admirable impersonation of his *Bérénice*, and where Mounet-Sully recited to the public the speech in which Racine's successor in the Academy, a justly forgotten Immortal, Monsieur de Valincour, had eulogised the great poet; in the old Church of Saint Étienne du Mont, close to the Pantheon, where, almost on the spot to which his body was carried from Port Royal, the Bishop of Orleans, Monseigneur Touchet, accepted as a poor substitute for Cardinal Perraud, who is ill, delivered another eulogy; in his native little town of La Ferté-Milon, where the actors of the Théâtre Français presented under a canvas tent one act of *Bérénice* and one of *Les Plaideurs;* while the villagers of the neighbourhood disported themselves on the grass around; and finally in the small village of Port Royal des Champs, where the inauguration of his bust was made the occasion for one of the most interesting literary pilgrimages imaginable.

The old monastery and the old cemetery of Port Royal no longer exist, as you know; both were destroyed and desecrated by order of Louis XIV. and the Jesuits in 1710. But a chapel has been erected on the site of the old convent chapel, and turned into a Jansenist museum, and then, strangely enough, the old farmhouse, Les Granges, which the "Solitaires" of Port Royal inhabited, and where Racine attended school, has escaped the work of the destroyers; so that all literary Paris saw the library, and the dining-room, and the schoolroom, and the little bedchamber where Racine read, ate, studied and slept while he was not yet sixteen years of age. And there was present for the occasion just the kind of orator that the occasion required, Jules Lemaitre, who delivered, perhaps, the most finished, searching and tender speech he ever made. What a treat!

But while thus paying homage to dead dramatists, the Academy is just now in trouble about living ones. Henri Lavedan has allowed his name to be followed by the words *de l'Académie Française* upon the play-bills of the Théâtre des Variétiés, where his *Vieux Marcheur* is being acted. There is more slang than academic French in the play, and its morality does not much resemble Jansenist austerity. Now it appears that no member of the august body has any right to use his title without special permission, and old Émile Ollivier is up in arms, asking whether such a permission was given for such an occasion. There will be lively times among the Forty!

We have another pretty controversy. Coquelin has fallen foul of Sarcey* in *Le Figaro* because of Sarcey's sharp crit-

*We need hardly say that this paragraph was written before news of Mr. Sarcey's death had been received.

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icism of Bergerat's *Plus que Reine,* in which Coquelin appears as Napoleon. Coquelin is his own manager, you know, and the play failed to fill the house; and he blames Sarcey for it, saying that he used to be a great critic, but now . . . well, the less said about him the better. Sarcey answers in *Le Temps,* and says: "No, Coquelin, I am still a great critic, when you play great parts, Petruchio, Cyrano, etc.; but when you play *Fanfan La Tulipe,* or Ohnet's *Colonel Roquebrune,* or *Plus que Reine,* I am no better than you are. Play good parts, play them well, and I shall be as great a critic as ever."

Among new books the most important are Maurice Tourneux's *Diderot et Catherine II.,* full of unpublished matter, discovered in the Saint Petersburg library, where Diderot's manuscripts are preserved, and Georges d'Avenel's *Paysans et Ouvriers depuis 700 Ans,* a wonderfully accurate record of the life of the common people of France for seven centuries; and Daudet's *Notes sur la Vie,* just gathered in book form by Madame Alphonse Daudet. At the same time Houssiaux, the publisher, is issuing the first volume of a complete illustrated edition of Daudet's works.

Onésime Reclus, one of the gifted brothers of the great geographer, and a geographer himself, gives us a beautiful description of France. He is enthusiastic, if nothing else, as shown by the very title of his book, *Le Plus beau Royaume sous le Ciel: Notre Belle France.* It is worth reading.

Not so enthusiastic, Yves Guyot's volume on Spain, *L'Evolution Politique et Sociale de l'Espagne,* as dark a picture as was ever drawn, so dark that, merciless as she intended to be in regard to her country's faults Señor Bazan felt compelled to protest against some parts of it.

Gustave de Molinari's book, or literary testament, is decidedly less depressing. The octogenarian economist gives us an *Esquisse de l'Organisation Politique et Economique de la Société Future,* which is full of hope for the ultimate triumph of justice and liberty.

In memoir literature we have the first volume of the *Notes et Souvenirs of Montalivet,* the trusted minister and friend of Louis Philippe, and the first volume of literary *reliquiae* of F. Le Play. It consists of letters of travel, *Voyages en Europe.*

A number of important or interesting publications are announced as coming soon through the press. Demolin's praise of the Anglo-Saxons is to be answered by Gabriel Bonvalot, the explorer, in one book, *Sommes-nous en Décadence?,* and by Gabriel Hanotaux in another, *France.* Marcel Prévost is to give us two novels, *Vierges Fortes* and *Heureux Ménage;* and another novel, *Pierre Nozière,* will have for its author Anatole France. Two interesting sets of Revolutionary and Napoleonic memoirs are to appear soon, those of Jourdan and of Championnet. Another posthumous work of great interest will be a volume on Molière, just discovered by Prince Stirbey among the papers of the late J. J. Weiss. Finally, we are to have for the first time an absolutely complete French translation of the *Arabian Nights.* It will be published by *La Revue Blanche,* and will fill sixteen octavo volumes. The translator is a Parisian of Syrian and Moslem extraction, by the name of Mardrus. His translation is almost sure to supersede Galland's, which has been used thus far.

I ought not to omit to mention that Petit de Julleville's great co-operative history of French Literature has entered upon the home stretch, that is, upon the publication of its eighth and last volume. The seventh, just completed, deals mostly with Romanticism. It covers the period 1800-1850. *Adolphe Cohn.*

REACTION

Not in heroic hours it is that courage fails,
Not in the stress of strife the valiant spirit quails.
Much more its strength is tried in the dread after hours,
When deep despondency lays holds upon spent powers.

Clara Bellinger Green.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

The letters received by us during the past two months exceed in number those that have come to us in any like period since the establishment of our magazine. We regret that we are able to answer so few of them in our present issue and will promise to have a general clearing up of our files next month. Some of the letters that have been sent are very long, extending in several instances beyond eight or ten closely written pages. We are always glad to read these, but we trust that our correspondents will remember that considerations of space almost always prevent us from printing such letters in their entirety.

I.

A lady residing in Halifax, Nova Scotia, clips the following sentence from the London *Times,* and asks us whether it is grammatically correct:

Time alone can show which method in the end will give the best and the most enduring results.

The sentence is, of course, grammatically correct, though it may not perhaps convey precisely the meaning intended by its writer. When one says "the best and the most enduring results," this separates the results that are best from the results that are most enduring; whereas the omission of the second "the," which would convert the expression into "the best and most enduring results," would imply an identity between those results that are best and those that are most enduring.

II.

Some one in Macon, Missouri, objects to the expression "grammatical error" used by us not long ago. He or she says:

I should like to know how there could be a grammatical error? Would not "error of grammar" or "error in grammar" be correct?

This strikes us as hypercritical. "Grammatical error" means an error in the domain of grammar, just as "mathematical theory" means a theory in the domain of mathematics. The same correspondent pushes criticism to a still more absurd extreme in the following:

On page 160 of your April number, in speaking of the President delivering his inaugural address with his hat cocked over one ear and chewing a *wooden* toothpick, would THE BOOKMAN approve it if he were chewing a *gold* toothpick?

Answering this in its own spirit, we would say that persons who chew toothpicks usually select wooden ones because they are chewable. We should fancy that gnawing on a gold toothpick might blunt the teeth.

III.

Another reader quotes the following from the President of the New York Board of Education, and asks us what we think of its English:

Resolved: That the wonderful inventions of the nineteenth century, such as railways . . . etc., have been of no advantage to the majority of people as individuals as compared with the good old days of our grandfathers of one hundred years ago when low living and high thinking was the order of the day.

This question ought to have been addressed to the Editor of the *Educational Review,* who is especially interested in Mr. Little's utterances; but as it has been sent to us, we are free to say that it is about as wretched a sentence as we have lately seen. In the first place, it compares inventions with days rather than with the inventions known in those days, and is thus a modern instance of what classicists would call the *comparatio compendiaria.* In the second place, the last verb is in the singular number, although it has two distinct subjects. In the third place, Mr. Little has misquoted a famous

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phrase in speaking of "low" living rather than "plain" living, and has thus made it appear that what he had in mind was debauchery. Finally, the sentence is choked up with prepositions that echo each other, and it is generally clumsy all around.

IV.

THE BOOKMAN must be enjoying a boom in Missouri, for we get more letters from that State than from almost any other. Here is one which bears the signature "A Bookmaniac":

Please just for once be perfectly honest, if such a thing is possible, and answer this question frankly. Do magazine editors always understand the full meaning of the poems they publish? If they do understand, is it because the author sends with his manuscript a key to the problem for the benefit of the editor? I confess that I cannot understand half the poetical deliriums I read in the magazines, including THE BOOKMAN, and I believe that I am just as smart as you or any other editor.

There is no doubt about our correspondent's "smartness," which is equalled only by his courtesy. As to his question, we can hardly answer for other magazine editors, but we venture to think that we understand such poems as we publish, and would cheerfully consent to pass examination upon them at any time.

V.

"A Club Woman" writing from Evansville, Wisconsin, asks us to give her a condensed biography of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and also wishes to know what is Mrs. Ward's address. As to the first part of the question, we must refer our correspondent to any recent encyclopædia or biographical dictionary. As to the second part of the question, we would say that Mrs. Ward's address is Stocks, Aldbury, near London.

VI.

A correspondent in Washington, D. C., in commenting upon what we said in our March number about the resemblance existing between Kipling's *Brushwood Boy* and Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetsen,* informs us that this resemblance was noted last winter in the literary department of the Washington *Times.* He then proceeds to ask a grammatical question, as follows:

I am in doubt as to a sentence which I give here. The sentence is: "This couple was famed for its devotion to each other." It was corrected to read: "This couple was famed for their devotion to each other." Now a couple could not be called "their," could it?

We should correct it so as to read: "This couple were famed for their devotion to each other." The idea of plurality is so prominent in the sentence as to render the word "couple" to all intents and purposes a plural noun.

VII.

"An Old Subscriber" writing from Vicksburg, Mississippi, propounds the following:

I want to ask you a question: who first dubbed dry humour "dry," and why did he do it?

Whoever the person was, he lived a long time ago and before the English language was created, for dryness (*siccitas*) is ascribed to humour even by the Latin writers. As to why such an adjective is applicable, we can only say that this is one of the things that are immediately felt rather than grasped after elaborate explanation. Dry humour, of course, is humour that is not unctuous.

VIII.

Another grammatical question runs as follows:

What is your idea of the expression, "some place else"? Is it incorrect, and if so, why?

The expression is entirely correct, the word "else" being here an adjective pronoun equivalent to "other," and, therefore, the expression is the same as though it read "some other place," or "some place besides." By the way, we often wonder why our readers take the trouble to write out questions like the one above and wait a month or two for the answer, when in five minutes they could satisfy themselves by consulting any standard dictionary of the English language.

IX.

It is rather odd that we should have been waging war upon the split infinitive for nearly five years, and have had all sorts of letters upon the subject, and yet have only just received inquiries as to

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what a split infinitive is. During the month of April, however, this very question has been asked of us by three different correspondents. We answer that a split infinitive is one in which an adverbial expression has been injected between the so-called sign of the infinitive "to," and the verb proper, as, for example, "to barbarously mutilate," "to fonetikally refawrm."

X.

A lady sends us an effective and somewhat statistical thrust at Mr. Howells. It appears that Mr. Howells in the February number of *Harper's* gives the young man called Burnamy a gentle rub about "his perpetually recurring I, I, I." Upon this our correspondent makes the following comment:

If Mr. Howells will examine his own "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," he will find seventy-eight I's in the first two columns. Also in "My Literary Passions" there are more than five hundred "drippings" of that egotistical pronoun.

XI.

A lady in Omaha who signs herself "A Western Woman," asks us a number of questions that are somewhat too personal to be answered here. If, however, she will send us her name and address we shall be happy to give her the desired information through the medium of a private letter.

LOVE, THE VICTOR

Time was, O love, when I a vassal knelt,
Obedient at the footstool of thy throne;
When all my life was thine, yea, every thought,
Thy very own.

Yet when I hungered most and prayed that thou
Wouldst give to me some little that I gave,
Thou didst but mock me, knowing what I was—
Thy willing slave.

Yet, tho' fast bound in shackle and in chain,
Pride rose in me and thou wert cast aside;
And long I blessed the day when thou from me
Went forth and died.

How long ago it was I broke my thrall!
How long since I have kept apart from thee,
Vowing that nevermore I'd bow 'neath thy
Supremacy.

And yet to-day I felt the old desire,
After long years of freedom from thy reign;
And I have thought that once more I could love
Despite the pain.

No strength of mine can hold thee back, O Love!
I thought that I was safe beyond thy will;
But after long, long years, lo! here am I
Obedient still!

Charles Hanson Towne.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By F. J. Snell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Snell has chosen, or accepted the choice of, a magnificent subject—one of the gauds in the bead-roll of epochs to which this series is devoted. Intermediate in time between the two periods already treated, the fourteenth century offers us a literature far more intimately related to life, far more eloquent of the raptures and agonies of men and of nations, than the age of "flourishing Romance"; while the "Later Renaissance," not inferior to it in this respect, has the serious defect, for the purpose of collective presentation, that its most splendid literatures were comparatively isolated growths, cut off from mutual influence of moment by the fissuring hatreds of the Reformation time. It may be too much to say, with Mr. Snell, that the fourteenth century "differs from earlier ages in being a time of great personalities"—such a title, to go no farther back, can hardly be denied to its immediate predecessor, the age of Frederick II., Edward I., St. Louis, Francis, Dominic, Bacon, Aquinas. But we may justly assert that personality found more intense and memorable expression in literature than ever before since the decay of the Roman world. Literary form, hitherto for the most part a means of communicating a given matter to a given public, becomes, in addition, the *lebendiges kleid* which the spirit of a Dante or a Chaucer fashions for itself. The continuity of tradition, the even tenor of the school, is broken through; the history of style and manner begins to be perplexing and involved. At the same time it is not difficult to seize certain broad features, the decay of feudalism, the rise of the bourgeois; the end of the French monopoly, the nascent hegemony of Italy; these were moments in the vast European drama of fourteenth-century literature by which hardly any country or writer was wholly unaffected. Nor is there much in the literature of the fourteenth century which does not stand in some relation to the work of Dante. Mr. Snell has shown himself admirably alive to these larger points of view, as well as a competent guide to the multitudinous detail which is apt to obscure them. Instead of following the matter-of-fact plan of dealing in successive chapters with the literatures of the several countries, he has grouped kindred phenomena together in a luminous and often suggestive fashion. The core of the book is the central chapter on Dante—an excellent piece of work, somewhat overmuch embarrassed by a kind of guerilla warfare with critics and commentators, and by the discussion of personal questions, such as the nature and quality of "Gemma," out of all proportion to their intrinsic moment in a volume of this scale. On page 182 the reader should have been warned that the words attributed to Dante (the account of the battle of Campaldino) are from one of the letters, the doubtfulness of which Mr. Snell had himself on an earlier page pointed out, as well as being hard to reconcile with the text of the comedy. He hardly, to our mind, does justice to the lasting intellectual interest of Dante's work when he dismisses its "dim, speculative background" to the limbo of the dead past. "As a political pamphlet the *Commedia* is dead." The "notion of a universal empire directed by a German" is doubtless "vapid" enough; but how far this is from exhausting even the "political" significance of Dante! It was not for the sake of a new German empire that the Italian Carbonari, groaning under the heel of the one that already existed, fatigued even their patron Byron with their interminable and boundless worship of Dante. It is not for nothing, surely, that democracy and Protestantism claim their share in Dante—the man of whom his philosophic guide took final leave in the memorable words: *io ti sovra te corono e mitrio.* Nor can we think that the following suggestion shows much insight into Dante's mind: "For myself I am by no means certain that the choice of such a title as *Commedia* was not intended to suggest the grim irony, the downright absurdity of human life." But the chapter is a valuable sketch, informed throughout with critical acumen.

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The remainder of the volume is arranged with much skill about this central theme. The first three chapters, leading up to it, depict successive steps in the birth of modern literature, consummated in Dante—the "end of court poetry," the dissipation of the old "matters" of Romance in floods of promiscuous invention—*romans d'aventures,* expansions of Wolfram and Conrad, Norse *rimur* and *lygisögur,* and the kindred English breed which provoked "Sir Thopas"—a process of decay rarely relieved by such genuine re-creation of the old motives as we find in our *Gawain and the Grene Knight.* Then, the "rise of town-verse"—a term scarcely yet qualified in English for the rôle it has to perform as the equivalent of *bürgerlich*—among German *meistersinger* and the rhymers at French *puis.* Dante, too, was a "town-poet," but his work serves to remind us that (as Mr. Snell does not perhaps quite emphatically enough) the growth of "town-poetry," barren as its early stages often seemed, was a necessary step in the unfolding of the modern spirit. Finally, the rise of the new lyric—carefully traced in its stages through Guittone d'Arezzo, Guido Cavalcante, the young Dante, Petrarch, and the "new French school" of Machault, Deschamps, Froissart. Even Cymric provincialism is not forgotten, and Dafydd ap Gwillym is drawn from his wild Wales to sit in a modest niche at Petrarch's feet. Most translators of George Borrow's idol, especially Welsh ones, make him too English; we would suggest that in another edition Mr. Snell might offer his readers the striking rendering of the *Song of the Wind* by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The sequel to Dante is formed, as naturally, by four chapters, tracing successively the several literary developments which, in their relation to Dante, are represented by the names of Boccaccio, Chaucer, Villani and Langland. All these chapters bear the impress of solid work and critical instinct. A large part of the entire volume gives a far better account of its special matter than is to be found elsewhere in English. Naturally, the sentence does not quite bear the omission of the last two words; and indeed, here and there, we become conscious that the work of some German *maestro di color che sanno* has intervened more effectively between the description and the book described than is for the most part the case; now it is Gaspary whose echo we seem to hear, now a name like "Wischnou-sarma" betrays the German spelling of an Indian name. No one will quarrel with the author of a volume so daringly comprehensive for trifles of this kind; we are rather grateful for the very large amount of good work which he has put into it. So adequately to execute a task so Herculean demanded great and various gifts; among them no despicable accomplishment in the tongues. Mr. Snell pleads guilty to being "exceedingly backward in Icelandic, whilst his Welsh is even more elementary"; but this negation is, as the Hegelians say, an implicit affirmation, and the plea that in these two regions he has an imperfect *locus standi* leaves him the greater part of Europe, on which, so far as we can see, he stands with great ease and by good right. We wish all success to the volume. *C. H. Herford.*

FRAGMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Felix Stone Moscheles. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

If the friends of Mr. Moscheles had been quite unknown to fame, instead of being in many cases men of note, he would have made a very pleasant, readable book about them. It is not so much his reminiscences of Browning and Mazzini, Mendelssohn and Rossini, that attract us, as the unintentional portraiture of his own personality, radiant with good spirits, sweet nature and quick wits. In his father's brilliant circle he had a fortunate introduction to the world, but outside that he has made many illustrious friends, chiefly, one gathers, because of his unaffectedness and his abundant sympathy. How warmly he feels toward old comrades we learn in his *In Bohemia with Du Maurier.* In this volume, which covers a wider field, he has not exhausted his memories. A third book is promised.

Perhaps it would have been well for the general reader if Mr. Moscheles had let himself go rather more in his Mendelssohn reminiscences. On the ground that so much has already appeared in his mother's life of his father, and in the letters of Mendelssohn to his family, which he edited some years ago, he has omitted a great deal that would have been of deep interest. Such over-scrupulousness is, however, a fault on the right side; and the fresh matter is not inconsiderable. New stories of the great composer as the lover and playmate of children are welcome, and the picture of him at Buckingham Palace answering the Queen's question as to what pleasure she could give him, by a request to see the royal nurseries and have their arrangements explained to him, will delight many, and may surprise some. His description of Browning as the most courteous and modest of men is only confirmatory of the testimony of every one else; but of Mazzini and

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Rossini he gives impressions that are of real biographical value. It is well known that Mazzini was thought, quite wrongly, to be implicated in the Orsini affair. His friends, among them Mr. Moscheles, wished him to repudiate the charge. But he would not. "It matters nothing," he said, "or rather it is well the world should believe me implicated. I never protest. Europe needs a bugbear, a watchword that threatens, a name that makes itself feared. The few syllables that go to make up my name will serve the purpose as well as any others." Of the Rossini ménage there are piquant glimpses, and in the master's own words an account of the famous first performance of his *Barbiere,* Mr. Moscheles might have given, for he must know it, Browning's version of the incident, which interfered with one important fact, but was more picturesque than Rossini's, and had an interesting sequel.

Many of the celebrities of whom he writes recollections he has painted, and he has therefore had exceptional chances of studying their personalities. But he always writes in the spirit of a hearty friend, not of a student. His nature is enthusiastic rather than critical. And he has nothing of the Boswell about him. He has always had too many interests of his own to be merely a sensitive plate for recording impressions. "It is a glorious profession, that of the portrait-painter," he says; "he can buttonhole his man and keep him a fixture, whilst he indoctrinates and prods him with truths, from which, under other circumstances, his victim would seek to escape." Let the world be glad for Mr. Moscheles's chances of indoctrinating his sitters with his broad humanitarianism and of leading them to ways of pleasantness and peace.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Chicago and New York: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's vivid and brilliant narrative style has never been used to better effect than in this *Short History of the United States.* Whatever faults the scholarly historian may have to find, we are convinced that the general reader will take more pleasure in it than in many a more solid book. Mr. McCarthy's English has a carrying power which is irresistible, and few who let themselves be caught in the toils of the first chapter will escape before the last is reached. It is true that the "graphic" manner may be overdone, and that pronouns and conjunctions —useful, if a trifle colourless, parts of speech —are not altogether to be despised. Still it is a fault on the right side. The average history-book does not err in the direction of overliveliness, and not many will complain of the vivacity which is the book's greatest charm.

As history, it is by no means impartial. The standpoint is American throughout. The faults of America are palliated, her virtues lauded. England is represented as an insolent bully, with a root of kindness and justice beneath his swagger, and a habit of tyranny, thoughtless rather than malicious. This is perhaps to exaggerate tendency into character, but England deserved it for thirty years on each side of 1800—at least in her relations with America. Mr. McCarthy does not deny that she generally paid up handsomely in the end—in the case of the *Alabama,* for example—when the rules of the game went against her.

There are scores of brilliant character-sketches scattered throughout these pages. A few telling phrases, a few striking facts, and we know the man and his history—that is, as Mr. McCarthy knows them. In three pages we have Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton and Randolph outlined for us, clear and distinct. The witchcraft fear of Salem and the stubborn delusions of Cotton Mather are disposed of in a paragraph. There is less said about William Penn and the Friends, in the earlier part, than we might have wished, and the later Presidents are dismissed in a word, but the writer spares no enthusiasm in honouring Abraham Lincoln and no eloquence in his eulogy of George Washington.

The book closes with the Cuban War—the "War of Humanity." Mr. McCarthy recognises no motive for it but philanthropy. In this view no doubt there are many who agree with him, and his somewhat partial loyalty to the country he admires takes nothing from the interest and force of his book. It is only a sketch, a mere survey of its subject, but a sketch so rapid, so racy, so light, that it has much of the charm of fiction as well as the importance of fact.

AUSTRIA. By Sidney Whitman, M.A. Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Whitman has already written much on German and Austrian history. Here he had a peculiarly difficult and ensnaring task. What was wanted, and what indeed has hitherto been inaccessible, was a concise, consistent story of the Cisleithian Provinces—neither a personal history of the Austrian Hapsburg family, nor yet, on the other hand, one of the

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countless repetitions of the military and diplomatic history of Europe during the last four centuries under the disguise of a national history. On the whole, the author has resisted this last temptation pretty well, and though the rise and development of the Royal House was a more important factor in Austria than anywhere else, he has not neglected any national or local facts which concerned the people rather than their rulers. A short history of such long range is manifestly a mere sketch and probably a compilation, but Mr. Whitman does not give his authorities, nor does he add a bibliography. The early chapters are well put together, but the mediæval part seems tame compared to Coxe's excellent but now sadly neglected classic work. The later chapters are enlivened by a good many curious points, such, for instance, as Maria Theresa's trilingual or polyglot letter to her betrothed (p. 253), certainly the most astounding love-letter ever penned by princess or peasant. As to the illustrations, the views are not bad, but the portraits, copied by permission from a well-known Imperial work, are not well reproduced.

POEMS. By Ella Woodward Foote. Oakland, Cal.: George Arthur Kelley.

These songs of a Californian singing bird reached us in the snows of winter, but their themes are of all seasons, and we trust that this belated recognition will not be the less welcome. They are quiet, unobtrusive outpourings of "a heart at leisure from itself," songs of spring and summer, of grief and resignation, of sunset and sleep, of prayer and protest for the most part put in the form of the sonnet, but with a lyric strain that mayhap makes gladder a life busy with other things duller than literature. Here is a pretty little song of spring:

Here in my hand
A spray of pink arbutus bloom,
Its fragrance fills the sunny room;

Once more I stand,
Love, by your side, and watch the slow
And sweet unfolding of the Spring—
The misty clouds that come and go,
The birds that sing!

Why is it, Dear,
That every whispering southern breeze,
Each lengthening shadow of the trees,
Brings you so near?

Sweetheart, we two
Could never have it otherwise.
It is not loss when all the skies
Bring news of you;

When every pattering April shower
Brings thought or memory to me,
A tiny pink arbutus flower
Brings tears, you see—

And yet I know
I would not spare one smallest thing
From these long heartaches that they bring—
I love you so!.

And in the sonnet on "Aspiration" we have the deepest note struck in these poems and a fair example of the singer's art. It is also the one we like best:

As one who hears a symphony, and fast
Through restless pulses feels it throb and thrill,
And all his waking thoughts and fancies fill
With haunting memories, and he tries at last
To reproduce the dim impression past—
But the enchanting theme eludes him, till
He bids the tuneless music to be still,
Finding the actual mocks the ideal vast—

So seems, alas, my life; at best, a small,
Weak fragment of a melody—a tone
Struck now and then in tune with those that fall
Upon my spirit's ear! O loss unknown!
That this, from heavenly cadences, is all
My trembling soul can sound and call its own!

SOME VERSES. By Helen Hay. Chicago and New York: H. S. Stone & Co.

It is a low and melancholy voice that sings through Miss Hay's pages. It never stirs, but it never jars. Its sincerity is perfect, and its harmony reveals a fine ear, even if it is just a little monotonous. Sometimes a more ringing note is heard, but even then exhilaration is always touched with pain. This is one of the best of the verses:

Was there another Spring than this?
I half remember through the haze
Of glimmering nights and golden days,
A broken-pinioned birdling's note,
An angry sky, a sea-wrecked boat,
A wandering through rain-beaten ways!
Lean closer, love—I have thy kiss!
Was there another Spring than this?

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NOVEL NOTES

RICHARD CARVEL. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

New England's last century life has been the subject of almost numberless tales. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have had their colonial society chronicled in many romantic narratives, but the South, which breathes in far higher degree the spirit of that popular school represented by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope, has been strangely ignored. Virginia is the one exception, and it would probably not have found so many novelists to depict its vivacious past had not Thackeray shown the possibilities of its traditions; it required that transatlantic hint. Readers in general, and Marylanders in particular, have abundant reason, therefore, to be grateful to Mr. Winston Churchill for giving the reading world, in *Richard Carvel,* a fresh and in the main remarkably pleasing picture of Maryland's ante-revolutionary life and society.

While the historic matters described are in general correctly stated, the chronicle, as related by the hero, Richard Carvel, lacks, to some extent, the real spirit of the time. The story has not that genuine antique flavour, which is Thackeray's greatest charm in *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians,* easily models for all such work. While the author in a manner sympathises with the old cavalier character, which was so prevalent in Lord Baltimore's colony before the Revolution, he hardly understands it. His attitude is largely "Whiggish"; he is enlisted on the side of those who were hostile to the social tone of the day and generation. The style in which the tale is written is a fair imitation of that in use at the time by Marylanders, and is evidently based on the files of the old *Maryland Gazette* and works culled from records in the State House at Annapolis. Such an extremely overworked expression as "soulful eyes" has, however, no place in a chronicle of the last century, and the palpably New York Dutch terms, "Stadt House" and "dominie," both of which frequently occur, do not appertain to Annapolis, which was thoroughly English, and those names were unknown either before or since the period of the story. Nor is it likely that such a courtly old gentleman as Mr. Carvel would speak of a young lady of that period as dressed in her "best bib and tucker."

In the "Foreword" Mr. Churchill says that Annapolis has "fallen into decay," that the streets are silent and that "stately ballrooms, where beauty once reigned, are cold and empty and mildewed." Such, however, is not the case, for the old colonial mansions there are largely in the possession of the descendants of the same men and women who owned and occupied them in the eighteenth century, and society at the Maryland capital is now, perhaps, as gay and brilliant as at any time in the history of the town. In most instances the old colonial furnishings remain, and the visitor will see the aged town to-day modernised and enlarged to some extent, but otherwise as it was in 1770. The business and population are about the same as one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and now, as then, "His Excellency the Governor of Maryland" and his family are the centres around which a refined, high-born and exclusive society revolves, while people with the same names as those found in *Richard Carvel* are to be met with at social functions in the homes where their ancestors entertained so generously in colonial times. The old bell of St. Anne's Church rings now as it did then, and calls the gentry to worship in its time-hallowed walls, although the rector prays for the President, instead of the King, and the estimable and able gentleman who reads the service and expounds the Gospel passes his time in good works, instead of in "dicing and gaming," as his predecessor, the Reverend Bennett Allen, did in Mr. Churchill's pages. The air of Old World mystery and legend still hangs about the quaint streets, and it was doubtless that which inspired the author when he visited Annapolis to write the adventures of his hero.

For a man not to the manner born, and not an inheritor of the spirit and traditions of this delightful colonial town, which seems almost em-

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balmed in the past, the writer has done remarkably well, and, unless a better work supersedes it, *Richard Carvel* may in time become a classic of Maryland's romantic history. The story would, perhaps, have been better had Mr. Churchill confined himself entirely to a narration of life and adventures on this side of the sea. The transfer of the scene to England destroys the effectiveness of the picture. The experiences of the hero on the ocean and away from his native land detract from rather than add to the interest of the chronicle, besides being so manifestly improbable. Everything related after Carvel reaches London has been so often written about that the story becomes somewhat wearisome before the scene again changes to Maryland, where the author again resumes his fresher subject-matter. From the return of Richard the tale develops with continued vigorous action until the happy conclusion, where virtue is duly rewarded and vice meets its deserts. This *dénouement* is, however, hardly a surprise to the reader, for the author has exercised no great skill in concealing the trend of events.

Notwithstanding its faults, which are not many, the book is interesting, and Mr. Churchill has cause to feel proud of his work. While a more careful study of the times and scenes represented would have greatly improved the spirit and accuracy of the style, a volume which embodies so much that is really excellent and praiseworthy should have a cordial reception from the reading public.

Edward O. Uffington-Valentine.

THE CONJURE WOMAN. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The seven stories in this volume are linked together by having one person relate them, "Ole Julius McAdoo, who 'uz bawn an' raise' on dis yer same plantation," where all these marvellous things happened in bye-gone years. Uncle Julius is a venerable-looking coloured gentleman with a shrewd eye and a corresponding shrewdness of character which enables him to "point a moral and adorn a tale" wholly to his own liking or benefit. Of course, the Northern woman whom he eventually leads around to his way of thinking does not in the least believe in the efficacy of "de lef' hin'-foot er a grabe-ya'd rabbit, kilt by a cross-eyed nigger on a da'k night in de full er de moon," or in the "monst'us powe'ful goopher." It was never difficult to induce the old man to tell a story of the old slavery days, of which he seemed, indeed, to have an inexhaustible stock, some weirdly grotesque, some broadly amusing, some barely plausible, others palpable but entertaining inventions. Whether his own or not, it was impossible to tell, yet each one was evidently embellished to suit the exigencies of the occasion. But even the weirdest is not without an element of pathos—the tragedy, it might be, of the story itself; the sadness of life as seen by the fading light of an old man's memory. The keynote of the whole series is the blind superstition and duplicity of character fostered by the life of servility and cringing to the master. These stories stand out as an impartial picture of the life of the slave in the Southern States. Uncle Julius is a fine type of the old slave devoted to his master, never lacking in dignity and courage, but withal possessing an indifferent code of morals, the result, most likely, of his close association with the white man whose ethics were, to say the least, pliant. All the wrongs of the race are in these simple tales unfolded, but with never a complaint, a strict justice being displayed in the drawing of the good and bad master, the good and bad slave, each having a fair showing. Mr. Chesnutt does not strive for any dramatic effects, nor does he ever introduce any unnecessary harrowing situations; there is a surprising absence of false sentiment. Love, hate, jealousy and cruelty are dealt with in a thoroughly sane, good-natured, sensible manner. No hysterics, no posing, mar the simple recitals of Uncle Julius as he happens to talk to the Northern man and his wife who have come to North Carolina to recuperate the wife's health and incidentally improve and cultivate an old vineyard which had been bought greatly against old Julius's advice.

"'F I 'us in yo' place, I wouldn' buy dis vimya'd."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I dunno whe'r you b'lieves in cunj'in' er not—some er de w'ite folks don't, er says dey don't—but de truf er de matter is dat dis yer old vimya'd is goophered."

"Is what?" I asked, not grasping the meaning of this unfamiliar word.

"Is goophered—conju'd, bewitch."

Ole Julius's disinterestedness left something to be desired when it was discovered that he had occupied for years a cabin on the deserted ground and derived a respectable income from the neglected grapevines. His advice generally lay under suspicion.

Between the introduction of slavery into the South and the Civil War lies a picturesque period, something more than dramatic and less than tragic, fraught with wonderful possibilities for just such a facile, discriminating pen as Mr. Chesnutt's. As we of this day look

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back over that shadowed bit of history, such a transaction as is set forth in "Sis' Becky's Pickaninny" seems absolutely incredible, and moves our hearts to an outspoken rebellion that such things could ever have been, and yet the author does justice to every one in the tale. The tragic episodes which befall poor Becky arise wholly from her carelessness in not providing herself with a rabbit's foot! In this story more than in any other of the group does Mr. Chesnutt place before his readers the two kinds of masters, and a strong wave of irrepressible compassion sweeps over us as we grasp the tragical undercurrent of those lives bowed down with ignominy and shame. Through the medium of "The Gray Wolf's Ha'nt" and "Po' Sandy" the author pictures the every-day, pathetic side of the negro's life, and forcibly brings out that peculiar mysticism which may be the black man's inheritance from the Orient; the beliefs and superstitions which have been transplanted along with the race. But across the darkest phase of the slave's life there flashes that quaint humour which saves even the most tragic scenes from too heavy a shadow of horror. So clever a master of literary skill, so keen a student of human nature is Mr. Chesnutt, that he never allows himself to drift into too great gloom, but plays with an artistic touch on our emotions and our sense of humour in an equal degree.

In *The Conjure Woman,* while there are several interesting studies of white people, the main interest, to the thoughtful reader, centres in the phase of slave life presented. We have viewed the plantation negro from every side but his own, which is here shown in a manner that furnishes evidence of its truthfulness. Few of this generation, even in the South, know anything from personal observation of the institution of slavery, except from the baneful effects that still survive it; but these stories are so perfectly consistent with human nature, that, aside from the supernatural element. which is palpably a vehicle for the deeper thought underlying, the stories prove themselves. *The Conjure Woman* is a collection of quaint tales, with an admirable Southern setting, replete with the humour and tragedy of slavery, so skilfully blended that often one does not know where the one begins and the other ends. The dialect in which the story-teller speaks is smooth and readable, evidently a means and not an end, and Mr. Chesnutt's English is remarkable for its literary style and quality.

Florence A. H. Morgan.

THE MORMON PROPHET. By Lilly Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Miss Dougall has been daring in her choice of a subject. Her aim is to show that the mysterious manifestations that have accompanied so many great religious movements are one with the phenomena of so-called spiritualism, hypnotism and telepathy, and come under the same laws. The result is not only a most instructive chapter in the history of religious enthusiasm, but a powerful and fascinating psychological study. It is the old tragedy of the visionary in his eternal duel with the world and with the *ewig weibliche* that draws him heavenward or earthward, according to his nature. We are concerned with Susannah, the high-spirited heroine, whose pride and passionate love of justice drive her from the arms of her lover to espouse Halsey and the cause of the persecuted Mormons. From that moment of enthusiasm when she suffers baptism at the hands of the Prophet, to the terrible day of the massacre at Haun's Mill, when she buries her husband and her infant child breast to breast, she is in the Mormon Church, but not of it. There was something dæmonic about Joseph Smith, and Susannah accepted Halsey as she accepted baptism through the mysterious agency of the Prophet's will. Only closer acquaintance with her husband's pure, unselfish nature transforms the strange fascination into reverent affection.

The character of the Quaker convert is drawn with much sympathy; his sweet and simple soul is the type of faith in its first purity, of the goodness that is so curiously entwined with falsehood. There is a terrible and piercing pathos in the scene of Halsey's murder at Haun's Mill; when all that was spiritual in the Mormon Church died with him. It is the death of Uriah. Not that Smith desired that he should die, but his death sets Susannah, his Bathsheba, free; and the primitive brute forces dormant in Smith's nature reveal themselves. Whether as prophet or as *l'homme sensuel moyen,* Smith is absolutely sincere; confusion and self-deception come from this union in him of two incongruous types. He is conscious of the absurdity. "If an angel comes from heaven and gives me a partic'lar revelation, calling me by name, namely Joseph Smith, junior, Tain't for me to say he's made a mistake and come to the wrong man, though goodness knows I've said it to the Lord often enough." He is strangely lovable in his naïve humanity, frank and transparent as a child, whether in his lyrical moments, or in his quaint, half-humorous lapses into the shrewd and "kindly lout." When the idea of polygamy

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dawns on him he is innocently uncertain as to his revelation; again, in the time of the "great apostasy" that caused the breaking of the Kirtland Bank, he is overcome; he pours out his soul to Susannah, and it is the confession of a child:

"I guess I'm sorry enough, but I don't know whether it's repentance, for I thought I'd done all just what the Lord told me to do, but at times like these I'm not so sure of the revelations I hear in my soul, but I know I thought I was right at the time; but, as for being sorry, if ye had the burden of all these children of Israel in the desert on your heart, knowing that you had brought them into the desert . . . and weren't quite sure at times whether the thing that ye saw leading was the Lord's pillar of cloud or the devil's . . . I guess ye'd know what it felt like to feel sorry."

It is always as if the heavenly visions were obscured by some dark revelation of the primal self that leaps to light at last in his wild prayer: "Give me—this woman—give—give. This woman—this woman—give! give! give!"

Perhaps the most powerful scene in the book is that in which he urges upon Susannah the necessity of becoming his "spiritual" or supplementary bride. His arguments for the plurality of wives are as plausible as Plato's. He lays his finger on the social evil. For luxury born of success has completed the degeneration begun by persecution and the sword, and Nauvoo, the White City of the Saints, has become the city of sin; and it is his punishment to know that for all the purity of his ideals it was his own breast that first harboured the sin. In an earlier chapter Miss Dougall has made him sum up the case for himself with characteristic *naïveté*. "It ain't easy, Mrs. Halsey—I hope in judgin' of me you'll always remember that it ain't easy to be a prophet." Her own verdict is that "the true secret of human leadership is, perhaps, known only to the Divine mind, perhaps also to the Satanic. It would certainly seem that the men who chance upon the power and wield it have often little understanding of the law by which they work, and their critics less."

Altogether this remarkable book will add much to Miss Dougall's already high reputation. The style has none of the tedious brilliance so suggestive of the midnight elbow-grease, but its literary distinction is sustained from the first page to the last.

STORY OF THE PRINCESSE DES URSINS IN SPAIN. By Constance Hill. New York: R. H. Russell. $1.75.

In most books of English history we may read the accounts of the Wars of the Spanish Succession and find scarcely a reference to the Camarera-Mayor of Spain, the brilliant Princess of the Italian House of Orsini. Yet she, and she only, through all these stormy years, except for the short time of her exile under the displeasure of Louis XIV., was the virtual ruler of the Spanish dominions. Philip V., weak and incapable, yielded to her influence in everything; and she, a Princess of an Italian House, and a Frenchwoman by birth, became, for the sake of the boy-king and his child-bride, a Spaniard in interests and in loyalty. Nothing could be more charming or more interesting than the way in which Miss Constance Hill has told the story of her fascinating heroine. She has gathered from all sources, chiefly French, every item of correspondence or of reminiscence that throws light upon the career of one of the most talented and most brilliant ladies of that age of charming women. The Princesse des Ursins (as her name was rendered in French) was, according to the recollections of St. Simon, tall, blue-eyed, graceful and noble-looking, with a face not strictly handsome, but charming. Her voice and intonation were extremely agreeable. Her manners were flattering and engaging, and their charm, when she chose to exert it, irresistible. Her conversation was brilliant. A natural gaiety of disposition was combined with ready tact and sound judgment. Madame de Maintenon, her friend and correspondent, applies to her the phrase "railleuse d'une raillerie qui enferme une louange," in which may surely be found at least one secret of her charm. Of Madame de Maintenon herself and of her life at Court the book gives many glimpses. It is in one of her letters to the Princess that we find the reference to the extraordinary precision of Louis XIV. in some of his habits. So rigidly did he insist on the exact disposition of furniture that, though suffering from cold, she dared not accept from her friend the gift of a folding screen for her own apartments. As she quaintly observes in declining the gift, "Il faut périr en symétrie."

Alike in its personal and historical aspect the book is delightful. We have seldom been more interested and pleased. Miss Hill has spent so much time in the society of the graceful and brilliant ladies of her favourite period that she has appropriated to herself not a little of their charm.

TWO MEN O' MENDIP. By Walter Raymond. New York. The Doubleday and McClure Co. $1.25.

All that Mr. Raymond has written—too little as yet—has had the stamp of the artist on it. His tales of country life breathe country air from over heaths and gardens, an air the townsman cannot infuse into his, love he the

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open-air world never so well. He writes of farm and orchard as the farmer and the labourer might, if they could. But the special rustic knowledge and the fresh scent of the country which he brings to us in his stories would not alone compel the admiration we give to *Gentleman Upcott's Daughter* and his latest book. It is his fine and delicate restraint, his suggestive style, where there is never a word too much, that mark him as a craftsman of no common order. Till now he has generally given us pleasant idylls. This time it is a tragedy of rural life, and in its development there is something really great. The cloud, first a small one on the horizon, nears and darkens, till in the end it overwhelms the actors in a thick murk. There are continual struggles to get to the light, but fate once set working, you have to own that the final overwhelming blackness was inevitable. A little fear in a strong man's heart makes him hide a secret known only to himself. The mere hiding worked like poison in his candid heart; and then it led, beyond the reckoning of man, to what touched him and tore him in his inmost, his tenderest parts. It wrecked him and all his house. But even in that terrible scene, where he goes to seek his missing child, and finds her dead and clasping the body of the man he has killed in his wrath, the narrative has a certain quiet simplicity that stifles horror, changing it all to pity for the sorrow of the thing.

The story is by no means one of unrelieved gloom. There are the shrewdest studies of rustic character, which is not idealised in Mr. Raymond's pages. Solomon Moggridge, the constable, who holds that the neighbourhood "is a ticklish place to live in if you be a bit misliked. 'Tis better to let a thing pass. I should myzelf, I know," affords fine, humorous relief without the help of a caricature. And the gentle Patty, with the deep capacity for passionate love hidden in her dainty, spring-like little person, delights us many a time with her prettiness and her charm before she claims our grief for her tragic end.

EARLY ITALIAN LOVE STORIES. Taken from the Italian by Una Taylor. Illustrated by Henry J. Ford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

This is a handsome quarto, printed in large type on very thick paper. Mr. Ford's drawings are exactly suited to their purpose. His composition is particularly rich and full without crowding, as in the Frontispiece and the "Salvestra." His treatment of the nude, as in his "Death-Dream," is less successful than his sumptuously costumed figures. The pictures are frankly decorative and in the Latter-day-Pre-Raphaelite manner, though not scrupulously orthodox; for I observe that his ladies have never more than one waist, while Burne-Jones's model woman had usually three; and if Rossetti's was content with only two, she had always an additional stomach (or pelican pouch) in her throat. Nor are Mr. Ford's faces always lovely, especially his Lady of Belmonte, who looks every inch the vain, cantankerous paragon whom Shakespeare has unconsciously satirised—Portia and Mrs. Nickleby are the two most terrible and truculent, though unconscious, crucifixions which the Virtuous Female has ever suffered. However, pretty faces are not so valuable as general effect. And Mr. Ford does on the whole give a general impression of what we (if not the Italian novelists) conceive the world of Romance to have been—a world of comely lovers who wore their best clothes all the week; gallant travellers whose silk hose and ostrich plumes seem (like the Israelites' garments) never a bit the worse for rain or mud; fair dames who elope down ladders in full court costume, with train, tiara and feathers, and wearing all their jewelry on their persons instead of carrying it in a neat bag; venerable buildings, gorgeous furniture, Elysian gardens with wondrous rose-trees thickly studded with immense fat blooms—all this is exactly as it should be. The artist is not bound to remember that in those golden days the roses were really all single, the palaces brand new; that sleep was banished from the stately beds not so much by Love's despair as by insect-pests; that lovers were sometimes plain and always imperfectly washed; that the fine clothes were as faded, as dingy, as frowsy, and much dirtier than those of a circus procession at the end of the travelling season. Mr. Ford is more conventionally romantic than the romances themselves, and therefore his illustrations heighten instead of impair the illusion of the text.

The twelve novels are on the whole well selected, and the translator's Introduction is marked by much good sense. In it she disapproves of the archaic Elizabethan style of her predecessors, but hardly follows out her own principles. Her translations, or rather versions, are fairly done, and the omissions and alterations seem, where I have examined them, judicious; but archaisms and affectations of simplicity do certainly exist. The paragraphing of short, trivial clauses is just now a fashionable trick, and is here rampant. Many phrases, too, are affected. "Father mine!" "Brothers mine!" for instance, is bad English without the faintest reminiscence of Italian to excuse it. But after

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all, be it said, no one knows how hopeless it is to translate the early *novelle* to one's own satisfaction till he tries.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES. By Anna A. Rogers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

That little verse of Kipling's which has been inscribed over the mess-hall at Simla:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drank your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine,"

fits wonderfully well this volume of short stories of navy life. Mrs. Rogers is a navy woman, heart and soul, and these tales of the wandering navy's home life bear no imprint of having been written to catch the tide of special interest. In fact, the majority of them appeared several years ago in the different magazines. They are delightful little stories of hurried partings, of long cruises, of little groups of women in outlandish ports, each feverishly learning to keep house against the arrival of a ship's doctor, an Ensign or an Admiral who may be ordered away or back to Hampton Roads before he has crossed the threshold.

There are happy weddings, even though the groom is rushed off and the bride whom he has married to-day at Hampton Roads must follow him by rail to Key West, and the Admiral's wife is very, very angry, and the Admiral does not venture ashore again, and the Captain whose wife made the match is ordered to the Asiatic coast in command of some old tub of a monitor.

Sweethearts and Wives is the title story of the volume, recalling the familiar navy toast, "May all our wives be sweethearts, and all our sweethearts wives." It is a story of home-coming, after a three-years' cruise, a story of waiting that is all uncertainty, of long, newsless weeks, and then that terrible cablegram from the first port touched at: "Buried at sea," for the sweetheart, and no word for the wife until the ship is at Tompkinsville, when the brief, "Arrived daybreak. Am well. Pack everything. Come immediately," brings more joy than overwrought nerves can bear.

But they are brave, gay stories, for the most part, and they deserve all the enthusiasm with which they are being received, especially by those who ought to know the best of all—the navy men.

RACHEL. By Jane H. Findlater. New York: The Doubleday and McClure Co. $1.25.

We open Miss Findlater's books with the assurance that in them we shall find strong stuff, craftily welded, and used with a fine economy. She has a clear brain as well as a powerful imagination, and so keen and ready a sense of humour that when, as if unwillingly, she allows her emotion to well up, we are invariably touched to the quick. Her new book has answered every expectation, and we have found in it a deeper humanity than in the former ones. It is a tragedy briefly told by a genuine artist. All the best biography is in the form of fiction; and the essential tale of Edward Irving's career, with just the necessary comment on the pity of it, is all contained in this story of Michael Fletcher. Of course, there is no slavish following of real incidents or imitation of actual circumstances; we have said Miss Findlater is an artist. But the blending of genius and of charlatanry and the force of Fate in a gentle and most lovable nature are here better suggested by her than by anyone who has written his literal history. And she who might have been the guardian of his sanity, had Destiny willed, Jane Welsh, who unfortunately for the prophet and herself became Jane Carlyle, is here, too. In *Rachel* she is softened a little, made more caressing and cajoling perhaps, but the keenness of her wit, her impatience of humbug and dulness, her bright, clear, vital nature, are all admirably reflected. Let no one think for a moment that Miss Findlater has merely retold a tale out of real life. She has used just what circumstance seemed good to her—and it seems very good to us—in the revivification of two strong characters, who for their souls' health had better have "never met, or never parted." Dry, brief, unemotional is her style, for the most part. But she has the sense of tragedy, and she has the reticence and the utterance that tragedy requires.

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The last story in this volume, "The Gift of the Emperor," is by no means the best, but it redeems the book from the reproach of its being the greatest incentive ever penned to spirited youth to make a brilliant living by the burglar's art. The two gentlemanly thieves have to give in at last to the superior intelligence of Mackenzie, the detective. But up to that point their careers were made just a little too fascinating for safety. One of the cracksmen—rather a poor thing—occasionally earned a little money by literature, not enough to keep him honest. There is something charming in the literary scruples of this not very scrupulous burglar. "I suffered from a persistent, ineffectual feeling after style. Verse I could manage; but it did not pay. To personal paragraphs and the baser journalism I could not

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and I would not stoop." The other is a far greater man. He brought real genius to the pursuit of the calling of his leisure. His ostensible interest in life was cricket—he played for the "Gentlemen"—and it is interesting to learn that he thought one game a very pretty way of keeping your hand in for the other. As for the stories, we shall not retell any of them. They should be read, but only by strong-minded persons, warranted not merely safe from a hankering after their neighbours' spoons, but from hankering after the risky and successful capture of these spoons.

No. 5 JOHN STREET. By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

An admirable novel, the history of an experiment made by a denizen of Piccadilly in his desire to know how "the other half" of the world lives. Mr. Whiteing's method is effective; he draws that nether world not as it is seen by the naked eye of the reporter, but as it is felt by an artist who brings to it his own lucid perception, his own cultivated and conscious irony. The sights, sounds and smells of the slum in Soho are transmitted through his virgin nerves as through a highly complex medium sensitive at innumerable points. He sees shades and tones of things imperceptible to ordinary vision, and tinges the whole with his own personality without destroying the actuality of the impression. Mr. Whiteing is quite as uncompromising in his realism as Mr. Arthur Morrison or Mr. Maugham, but his work has a subtlety we look for vainly in their chronicles of the sordid. He is not an unimpassioned observer; he has taken a side, and is never tired of contrasting the patience, the courage and self-devotion of the poor with the luxury, the idleness, the fatuity of the rich. He manages to enlist our sympathy for his characters without appealing perpetually to our pity. The figures of "Low Covey" and Tilda, the Amazon—who could 'fight anybody of 'er own sect in all London, bar none"—might have stepped from the pages of Dickens. There is inimitable humour in the scene where this heroine dispenses her elegant hospitality. In the later chapters, which tell of Nance's illness and death from slow poisoning in a rubber factory, the genuine pathos is somewhat obscured by a superfluity of reflection. In his detestation of the social system which produces these horrors, the author loses sight of his *dramatis personae,* and figures on an empty stage as a denunciatory chorus. The story is a study in contrasts; but the sudden shifting of the scene from Soho to golden Mayfair affects us like a brilliant succession of lantern views rather than a coherent picture of life. The arresting, many-toned and luminous style has something of Mr. Barrie's humorous urbanity fired with the *saeva indignatio* of Dean Swift.

YOUNG LIVES. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

It is impossible to feel otherwise than kindly toward Mr. Le Gallienne's latest book. It is simple and sincere and affectionate and artless—very artless, indeed—art has nothing to do with it. It reads exactly like a fragment of somebody's autobiography, written in the third person; as if old, tender memories had worked strongly in the making of it, and imagination had transmuted nothing. That is not the method in which a great novel is written, and Mr. Le Gallienne's is a slight one. But in *Young Lives* phases in the life of a middle-class Nonconformist aspiring family are depicted with real knowledge and sympathy. The cultivation of art and letters under austere circumstances in a provincial town by ardent young souls; the struggle of the young against the old; the strength of first love that does not know self-interest, are attractive subjects, and they are treated by one who thinks the more sophisticated joys and sorrows of later life do not nearly equal them. It is this conviction that gives to the book such distinction as it possesses. There is nothing very striking about the tale of the young poet's early career, his scribbling in a garret, his excursion to London, his meeting with the Bodley Head young men. The sentiment is everything. Due acknowledgment should be made of the almost uniformly good taste throughout the story, which thereby takes a much higher rank than the writer's *Quest of the Golden Girl* and the rest of his fiction. His insistence on the mawkish relations between a brother and sister is almost his only offence.

EACH LIFE UNFULFILLED. By Anna Chapin Ray Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

The blind man and the blind woman have been used frequently by authors to give a pathetic touch to their work which might otherwise be lacking, and Anna Chapin Ray has followed the example of some of her predecessors in this respect. Tom Heaton is her blind hero, and a truly touching figure he makes. He is stricken blind just when the world is full of promise for him, and just as he has shown promise as an author. To a man, essentially the leader in the world's progress, such an affliction comes with added force, for it is hard for the strong to be led by the weak, and to go halting through life. We wish that the author

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had not given her blind hero the rollicking name of "Tom," and we also wish that she had made her heroine the kind of a heroine who would have loved her hero and who would have helped to lighten his darkened life. But that would have been another story, and the title would not have been *Each Life Unfulfilled*. Tom Heaton loved Elinor before he became blind, and afterward he never considered that he had the right to ask her to marry him. Why is it that men will argue from such a point of view? Surely a woman's love is something finer and nobler and less selfish than this! However, Elinor never knows of the struggle that goes on in her friend's heart, but gives to him a calm and true friendship through it all. The time comes when she "falls in love" with his cousin, Jack, who has always had everything he has wanted all his life, and who really should not have had this woman, for we maintain that Elinor's feelings for Tom were more love than friendship. And so her life, too, was unfulfilled, only she did not know it. As a presentation of love and friendship, as we sometimes experience them in life, the story is well worth the reading.

THE CONFOUNDING OF CAMELIA. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

We always expect a great deal of a heroine, and when she fails us in almost everything, we feel that we have been ruthlessly cheated. Camelia was a wilful, irresponsible and selfish woman, doing foolish and often unkind things on the spur of the moment; not knowing why she has done them, and only repenting of them when realising the consequences of her misdeeds. We feel inclined to say "Confound Camelia!" once or twice, however, before she arrives at the repentant period. This spoiled and selfish beauty is determined to win Michael Perior, the unattainable; a man with the temperament of an idealist, "born with an unmanageable instinct for the best, with an untamable scorn for the second best." Consequently he struggles against his growing love for Camelia, because he sees clearly all the vanity and superficiality of her nature. The scene between Camelia and Perior, in which she thrusts her love upon him, and in which he scorns it, is not very pleasant reading to any woman, although we must admit that this treatment is evidently what Camelia requires to cure her of an unbounded faith in her own powers of attraction. From that time Camelia shows decided progression. A tragic touch to the story is given to the character of Mary, who is described as bearing resemblance to "a raisinless milk pudding," downtrodden and slighted by her fascinating and popular cousin. Mary loves Perior too, in the unselfish and hopeless way that a woman of her type would love, but even the few moments of happiness that she might have had are repeatedly frustrated by her cousin. So we are accordingly delighted when Mary frees herself from her yoke of submission and proclaims to Camelia, in no measured terms, what her life has been. Then Camelia does a most improbable thing. She seeks Perior and begs of him to marry Mary, who by this time is dying of consumption. But Perior is too consistent in his ideals to marry a woman for whom he has no love, although his consistency does not prevent him from being duly impressed by Camelia's self-abnegation. Mary dies at peace with both, and of course the man who would never be satisfied with "the second best" takes unto himself the woman whom he now believes to be everything that he once thought she was not.

A TENT OF GRACE. By Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

"No one is solitary in merriment. His own joyous mood keeps him company. The whole world is kin. A merry smile, a bright glance, kindles a responsive spark. Everything is in sympathy. But let a great heart-break come; let it creep up unawares or foreshadowed by passing events, then it is the human soul finds it best to stand alone." This quotation from *A Tent of Grace* might well serve as a text for the story—at first so full of joy and merriment, and then so suddenly darkened by life's tragedies. A Jewess child is rescued by Pastor Feldern, a Christian minister, from the hands of an angry mob who are literally tearing her to pieces. The little Jette is carried into the pastor's home on the banks of the Rhine and is nursed back to health and strength. Here she is allowed to grow up in the belief of her ancestors, for the Herr Pastor is full of brotherly love and Christian charity, with a profound respect for each man's creed; were there more like him, the dividing line between Protestant, Catholic and Jew would not be so marked. We can see Jette now, with her queenly bearing, her blue-black eyes and her blue-black hair. As she grows into womanhood every one falls prostrate before her pure and marvellous beauty, and her merry, joyous nature. Then this poor Jewess foundling is sought after by a wealthy banker of her own religion, and money, position and every luxury will be laid at her feet if she will but marry him. The Herr Pastor and his good old

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wife are dazzled by this brilliant prospect, but Jette, after three years of wavering, refuses all the grandeur and the honour so lavishly offered her. For her child heart has been awakened; she knows that her love has been given to another—to the only son of the Herr Pastor—a Christian. And then comes the struggle. She who is a devout Jew cannot marry one not of her own faith and be scorned by her people. Seldom have we read in recent fiction a more beautiful love story than this, so shameless in the depth of its passion that one knows instinctively it can but end in tragedy. But let us look with charity upon this man and this woman, and remember that there is often "too much religion upon the lips, too little spirituality in the heart." The book has strength and power of an unusual quality, and is forcefully written. The quaint and simple pastor and his wife in their little home on the Rhine, and the rich banker's family in their sumptuous house in Cologne, are vividly contrasted. Even "Minka," the cat, an important member of the pastor's household, is very much alive, while the touching life-story of her beloved mistress, Jette, will cling to our memory for some time to come.

THE HAUNTED HAT. A Detective Mystery. By Richard Knight. New York: The Bell Publishing Company.

THE STURGIS WAGER. A Detective Story. By Edgar Morette. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

Many a person takes up a book simply to while away a sleepless night or to occupy the mind on a railway train, and to such a person the detective story is ever popular. The very title, *The Haunted Hat,* thrills such a reader, and he will not lose any time in scanning its pages. Mr. Knight has written his story in the first person and around this hat, which of course has a murder mystery as its starting-point. We find ourselves, as usual, suspecting nearly everybody of the murder, and finally feel sure that a certain beautiful woman is the guilty person. But the author, after keeping us in suspense for a time, is evidently loath to permit a woman to commit an actual crime, and so we are obliged to "guess again."

Mr. Morette's story is very well written, and it is deserving of more serious consideration. Every detective created by an author nowadays has to stand the test of being compared with Sherlock Holmes, but Sturgis bears the test surprisingly well. He takes a wager from Dr. Murdock to ferret out the most mysterious murder of the day. Dr. Murdock maintains that "murder will not out—at least not when the criminal is what I might call a professional, a man of genius in his vocation, educated, intelligent, dispassionate, scientific. Fortunately for the reputation of the detective, amateur and professional, the genius in the criminal line is necessarily of a modest and retiring disposition. . . . The detective is known only by his successes; the criminal's reputation is based solely upon his failures." This is a very interesting statement, in view of the fact that Dr. Murdock himself proves to be a scientific criminal, the coolest and the most diabolical of criminals. In his home he has a subterranean passage which leads to a laboratory in which he has a lead-lined vat, where the bodies of his victims are dissolved through a chemical process. In this way he has been enabled to remove all clues of his many crimes, up to the time Sturgis accepts his wager and checkmates him at last. Every detail of Sturgis's detective work is excellent, and each link in the chain is made clear, until we stand appalled before the thought that such crimes are possible and yet impossible to detect. However, detective stories, like melodramas, give us such a comfortable feeling, for we are ever confident that the proper punishment will be meted out to the villain and the villainess, and that the good and the virtuous will be lavishly rewarded.

LONE PINE. By R. B. Townshend. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $1.25.

If this be, as we gather from the title-page, a first book, it introduces a writer of distinct promise. Mr. Townshend has discovered in New Mexico and the life of the Pueblo Indians of to-day a new and fertile field of romance. He has observed closely and deeply, he possesses descriptive talent of no mean order, and as a study of a degenerating race his book is interesting and valuable. It is, too, a first-rate adventure story, a tale of great deeds, great treachery, great love. The style is bright and frank, and altogether *Lone Pine* may be recommended as a thoroughly exciting piece of work, although we warn readers not to cherish great hopes of the mysterious silver mine, which hardly realises expectations. Mr. Townshend has by no means exhausted his subject, and we look forward to another good novel from his pen.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, May 1, 1899.

April proved to be an exceptionally good month in both publications and sales, continuing the spring business well up to the time when it may be expected to drop off into the quiet of the summer months.

The new books included *Dross,* by H. S. Merriman; *A Triple Entanglement,* by Mrs. Burton Harrison; *The Ladder of Fortune,* by Frances C. Baylor, and *No. 5 John Street,* by R. Whiteing, together with a rather unusual number, for this time of year, of other titles of fiction.

Miscellaneous subjects were not lacking in numbers and variety, notably in biography, which included *James R. Lowell and His Friends,* by E. E. Hale; *The Life of Thaddeus Stevens,* in the American Statesmen's Series, by S. W. McCall, and *George Müller of Bristol,* by A. T. Pierson, this latter appealing particularly to the readers of religious literature.

A Guide to the Wild Flowers, by Alice Lounsberry, with numerous coloured illustrations, is an attractive addition to the already large list of books on this subject. The immediate publication is also announced of a new volume by Maud Going, illustrated with photographs and line drawings, entitled *Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers.* Both of these should meet with a ready sale.

Through Nature to God, by John Fiske, as its publication becomes known, is taking its place with his other books of a similar character, which are always in good demand.

David Harum increases in demand and shows no sign of falling off in popularity. *Mr. Dooley, The Day's Work* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* are also selling largely. It is, perhaps, interesting to note that at present a good proportion of the most saleable books are the output of the smaller and younger publishers.

The Fowler, by Beatrice Harraden, and *A Double Thread,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, are two recent novels for which their respective publishers are expecting exceptional sales.

While the sale of works on the subject of the war has materially decreased there is still a noticeable call for Spanish text books and dictionaries both at home to learn Spanish and for export to our new possessions to learn English.

The annual revival of the sales of paper-bound fiction is noticeable, and is augmented by the editions of popular novels now being brought out. *The Prisoner of Zenda, The Gadfly* and *The Honourable Peter Stirling* ar among this class to be issued shortly.

The popular titles of the month are as fol lows, showing the leaders of the past fev months to be still prominent in the sales:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Ed ward Caskoden. $1.50.

Dross. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett $1.50.

Young Mistley. By H. S. Merriman. $1.25

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Par ker. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston $1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. S Thompson. $1.50.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fow ler. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

The Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. vols. $3.00.

The Two Standards. By William Barry $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, May 1, 1899.

Business conditions continue to be good, an the past month's record is almost remarkabl for the activity shown in all lines. The de mand was what is called general in its char acter, and embraced nearly everything that i current; so much so, in fact, that it would b rather an invidious task to denote the classe of literature that are selling, relatively, bette than others. Library trade was especially ac tive, the books called for being mostly those o a standard nature, upon which time ha stamped the seal of approval. Country trad was also active, but was confined for the mos part to new fiction and paper-covered books for which the orders were liberal and numer ous.

The sale of *David Harum* was, as was th case in March, the most remarkable feature o the month's business, the total number sol for the month being more than three times tha of any other book. *When Knighthood was i Flower* and *Mr. Dooley* compare very favour ably with their previous monthly records thi

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year, but quite a number of other books which have been leading sales lately show, as may naturally be expected now, a slight falling off.

Several of the new books, however, which were published last month appear likely to meet with large sales, notably the new slum novel, *No. 5 John Street,* by Richard Whiteing, *A Duet with an Occasional Chorus,* by Conan Doyle, *Dross,* by H. S. Merriman, and *Those Dale Girls,* by Francis Weston Carruth.

A new book, *Through Nature to God,* by John Fiske, was a feature of last month's publications. It may be of interest to note that the sale of this author's writings is constantly on the increase.

An inspection of the lines of twelvemos and sixteenmos which are being prepared for autumn trade does not disclose very much in the way of novelties in this class of books. Most of the series follow conventional lines, and the prices are about the same as last year. Many improvements, however, of a minor nature have been made, notably in the neatness of the designs and added excellence from a manufacturing point of view. Kipling's works, such as are not covered by copyright, have been much sought after, appearing in nearly every list. Otherwise, the lists of titles in the non-copyright lines do not show many changes.

Out-of-door books, such as works on Natural History, Birds, Flowers, the Farm, the Garden, are now in season, and commencing to enjoy their usual vogue. Several excellent new works in this class have just been published, of which the most remarkable are *A Guide to the Wild Flowers,* by Alice Lounsberry, and *The Bee People,* by Margaret Morley.

The assertion is often made that it is hard nowadays for a new author to get a hearing. While this is true to a certain extent, as the reading public gives its preferences naturally to authors who have won their spurs, yet it is a fact that there probably never was a time when new ideas, out of the beaten track in literature, were so marketable as they are to-day. A glance at the list of the best selling books of the month which appears below shows that the four leading books are by authors who had never been heard of in the Book Mart a year ago.

It is evident that this is going to be a remarkable year for the sale of Kipling's works.

Works relating to the Philippines are still selling well, so much so that the publishers of Foreman's work on that region have been encouraged to issue a new edition of the book, it having some time previously gone out of print. This, with Steevens's *Yesterdays in the Philippines* and *The Philippine Islands,* by Dean Worcester, is the most saleable of the many works upon the subject.

The following books sold best during April:

David Harum. By E. Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Those Dale Girls. By Francis Weston Carruth. $1.25.

A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. $1.75.

Dross. By H. S. Merriman. $1.75.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Trooper Galahad. By Captain King. $1.00.

The Open Question. By Elizabeth Robins. $1.50.

A West Point Wooing. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 20 to April 22, 1899.

The period in question has been a busier one than usual, although low values have done their work, and the return is somewhat disappointing. The country trade has been quiet, a fact which certainly cannot be attributed to fine weather. Continental and export business generally is still brisk, but here again cheap issues tell their own sad tale. The six-shilling novel is still as flourishing as ever, and shows no sign of decline. *A Double Thread,* by E. T. Fowler, the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* is the favourite of the hour. Many others are selling well, but not sufficiently so to call for especial mention here.

Great interest is still shown in Rudyard Kipling's writings, especially *The Day's Work.* The works of Charles M. Sheldon are still going freely, but not to the extent reported last month. It is possible, however, that the demand may continue for some time to come, as the style has taken a considerable hold upon the people of this country.

The recent outcry against Ritualism in the Church of England has led to the publication of a considerable number of books dealing with all sides of the question. The aggregate sales have been considerable.

The Cromwell Tercentenary has been heralded by the issue of several works on the Protector, and, judging from their reception, there will be some very large sales.

The publication of sixpenny editions of copyright works continues, although signs are not wanting that the public appetite in this direction is nearly satisfied.

Books on Gardening are now much in demand. Messrs. Sutton and Sons' *Culture of Vegetables and Flowers* is very popular.

Guide-books now come to the front and take their season. Murray, Baedeker and Black still defy all comers.

There is a distinct revival in the demand for Dickens's works, and the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's novels has been well received. Several works on Robespierre are being freely inquired for—another instance of the stage helping the bookseller.

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The magazine department is still an important item of trade, but owing to the low prices of some of the more recent issues, the cost of labour in dealing with them is a very serious item. *Pearson's, Harmsworth's, Strand, Windsor, Royal* and *Pall Mall* are among the leading ones, and *The Woman at Home* stands at the head of its class. *The Art Portfolio,* referred to last month, is making its way, and needs only to be seen to be bought. This is a hint for the retailer.

Appended is the usual list of the leading works, and it may be taken as an index to the popular literary mind of the moment.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. C. Doyle. 6s. (Richards.)

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan), and other works by the same author.

Son of Empire. By M. Roberts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Well After All. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Cousin Ivo. By Mrs. A. Dean. 6s. (Black.)

The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Countess Tekla. By R. Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)

Idols. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (Lane.)

Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Richards.)

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst.)

Scarlet City, etc. By Pot and Swears. 6s. (Sands.)

The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Swallow. By H. R. Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

A Fair Fraud. By Miss A. L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)

Letters of R. and E. B. Browning. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)

Charles M. Sheldon's Works. 1d. to 3s. 6d. (Various publishers.)

Round the World on a Wheel. By J. F. Fraser. 6s. (Methuen.)

Murder of Delicia. By M. Corelli. 2s. (Skeffington.)

The Etchingham Letters. By Maitland and Pollock. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Pharos the Egyptian. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. 2s. (Richards.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1, 1899, and May 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.
2. The Measure of a Man. Prescott. (Fenno & Co.) $1.25.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.
5. Brown V. C. Alexander. (Fenno & Co.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. { Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50. / Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. Rostand. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
3. Guide to Wild Flowers. Rowan. (Stokes.) $2.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. How to Know Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Duet. C. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. From Plotzk to Boston. Austin. (Clarke Co.) 50 cents.
4. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper.) $2.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. Hall. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) 50 cents.
3. Silver Cross. Keightley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. I, Thou, and the Other One.. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
6. Daughters of Babylon. Barrett. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.
4. The Sturgis Wager. Morette. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
5. The Amateur Cracksman. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Daughters of Babylon. Barrett and Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. David Harum. Westcott (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. If I were a Man. Robertson. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.
5. Wire Cutters. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Mason. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Forest Lovers. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Swallow. Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
4. Open Question. Robins. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Don't Worry Nuggets. Pennington. (Fords.) 40 cents.
4. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Choir Invisible. Allen. (American News Co.) Paper, 50 cents.
6. Miners' and Assayers' Text-Book. Fisk. (Gill Co.) $2.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Procession of Life. Vachell. (Appleton.) $1.00.
4. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel.) $1.25.
5. She of the West. Millard. (Continental Pub. Co.) $1.00.
6. Hawaii Nei. Craft. (Doxey.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wolfville. Lewis. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Lyrics of the Hearthside. Dunbar. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Toronto News Co.) 50 cents and $1.00.
3. A Duet. Doyle. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
4. The Span o' Life. McLennan. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. With Kitchener to Khartoum. Steevens. (Blackwood.) 20 cents (6d.)
6. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Strong Hearts. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. J. Russell Lowell and His Friends. Hale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $3.00.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. { The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50. / Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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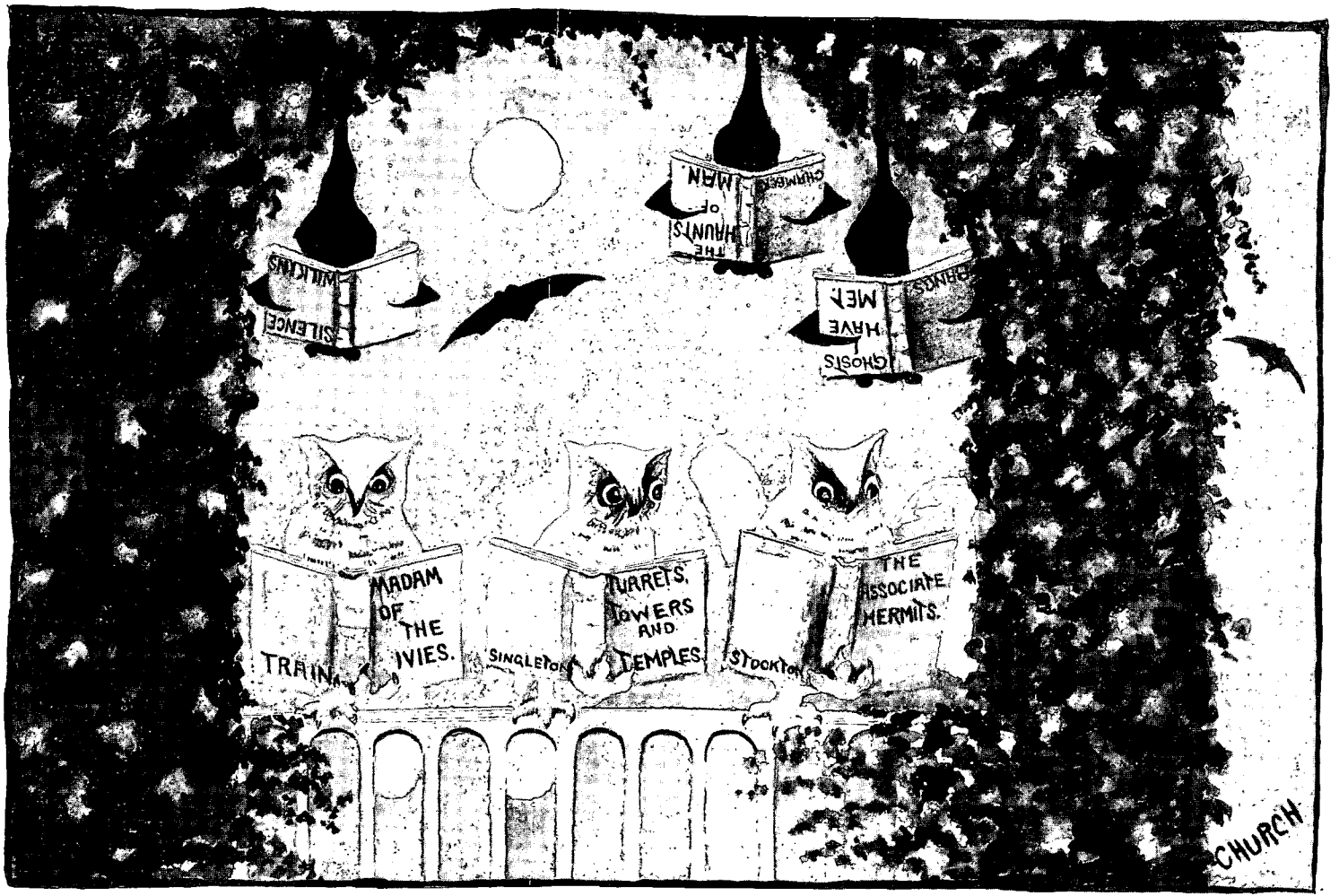

A MODERN GHOST CLUB.

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